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*Mabel Porter Pitts.*





IN THE  
**Shadow of the Crag**

(A STORY OF THE NORTH)

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

**Mabel Porter Pitts**



San Francisco;  
**WALTER N. BRUNT COMPANY**  
1906

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**To one who knows how many  
smiles and tears are hid beneath the work.**



158792



**IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG**  
**A STORY OF THE NORTH**  
**AND OTHER POEMS**



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## IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG.

---

### I.

In a village in the Northland where the end-  
less wreaths of snow  
Smooth the ice-blocks' rugged edges choking  
fast the Yukon's flow,

Where the frost in form fantastic traces vines  
and flow'rs and leaves  
On the dwellings' low-browed windows half  
concealed beneath the eaves,

Traces roses pale as ashes, roses cold and  
dead and gray  
As the blossoms of a passion that the heart  
knew yesterday,

Lived a woman blest with beauty fair as blush  
of summer's dawn,  
Eyes akin to English bluebells that the dew-  
drops tremble on,

Hair as tawny as the rush-grass limp be-  
neath the sun's embrace,  
And each changing, new emotion adding glory  
to her face.

Here she lived, her hopes, ambitions all but  
turned to sounding brass  
By the mock'ry of chimeras darkly shading  
fortune's glass

In the days of earnest seeking, when the  
thing desired but seemed,  
And with stubborn will to follow where the  
light of metal gleamed.

Hope will live within the bosom while the  
light of life endures,  
Men will follow blind, and eager, where the  
ignis fatuus lures,

And the suff'rings of such marches, and the  
    woes of such stampedes,  
And the pictures full with pathos where the  
    soul of pity feeds,

And heroic acts of mercy, not forgot though  
    left untold,  
Prove man's reason, only, bartered, that his  
    heart is still unsold.

There is that within our being, give it name  
    the one who can,  
Shining God-like in man's pity and humanity  
    to man,

And the primal good, forgotten through the  
    drift of human will,  
Stirs the soul, however crippled, to some  
    memory of it still.

Rumor comes on north wind blowing, vague,  
    and wild, as rumor can,  
Of a storied El Dorado rich beyond the ken  
    of man.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG.

---

Like a fever comes the rumor, sweeping bare  
the little town,  
Leaving naught but empty cabins, cold, be-  
neath the winter's frown ;

Cabins looming dark and cheerless, with their  
windows blank and dead  
As the sightless eyes of mortals when the  
spark of life is fled :

Doors, left half ajar, are filling with the drift  
of falling snow,  
Bleak as though by man deserted half a cen-  
tury ago.



II.

Ah, the white-storm, velvet-footed, ah, the  
treacherous, the cold,  
Creeping, creeping to the bosom, there with  
taloned clutch to hold,

Tricking with its soft embraces, kissing with  
its fateful breath,  
Loosing not its fascination till the heart lie  
hushed in death;

Ah, the white-storm, ah, the cruel, settling  
close on brook and mound,  
Smoothing out the hollow places on the high,  
uneven ground,

Masking hill and lake and river in its clinging  
cloak of white,  
And in sullen anger sweeping through the  
weirdness of the night!

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG.

---

On an upward pathway wending, toiling pain-  
fully, and slow,  
Moving in uncertain fashion through the  
trackless waste of snow,

Are a helpless man and woman, fighting hard  
for life and breath,  
All dismayed, for in the ice-wreaths they have  
seen the Silent Death;

They have seen his haggard features, they  
have watched his measured stride,  
And they know that he is with them, walking  
silent at their side;

If they falter, lo, they perish; if they pause,  
he claims his own,  
And they pray for help to heaven, for the  
world is turned to stone.

Where is now the wish for riches, where the  
hope in earthly things,  
Where the music in the siren song the golden  
guinea sings?

Lo, ambition's fleeting vision mocks the slowly  
glazing eye  
And the world is sodden ashes when a man is  
marked to die.

O'er the leaden sky comes flashing slender  
spires of ghostly light ,  
Showing where the white-storm's forces seek  
a bivouac for the night,

Showing outposts wheel and vanish with  
their conquering banners furled  
As if touched with sudden pity for a tortured,  
helpless world.

Through the void come sounds of weeping,  
incoherent words, and wild,  
And the father presses roughly to his heart  
his weeping child ;

"O, my daughter, well-beloved ! O, my  
daughter, mine bereft !  
"Angels guard thee, for in chaos thou hast no  
protector left.

"Rest thy head upon my bosom, let me feel  
thy hand in mine—

"Daughter, seest thou the splendor of a distant city shine?

"Heard'st thou not that sweet voice utter  
words which thrill my weary breast,

"Come to me, thy work is ended, come to  
me, for I am rest?"

"Fare thee well, my dear beloved, o'er rough  
seas we long have sailed,

"I have tried to make safe harbor, I have  
tried, and I have failed.

"Though the night of death divide us, lost  
the way that we have trod,

"Still I know that 'dawn will find us somewhere 'neath the smile of God.'"

O, the Northland, callous hearted, vast and  
cold and bleak and bare,

How may prayers reach out to heaven from  
such desert of despair?

Comes the voice that slowly failing begs in  
accents faint and low,  
"Sing the song we love, my daughter, sing it  
once before I go ;

"Sing, 'twill help my trembling spirit find the  
Light that marks the goal—"  
Then from out the dark comes floating, "Jesus,  
lover of my soul,"

And the night-bird stops to listen—"Let me  
to Thy bosom fly,"  
Breath of north wind, strangely tempered,  
sighs o'er him about to die,

And the song to frenzied cry turns when his  
struggling soul has passed.  
"Father, to Thy haven guide him, O, receive  
him Thine, at last."

And the night is spent and weary, and the  
dawn is near at hand,  
And a soul has left the lesson it could never  
understand,

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG.

---

But perhaps the tangled problem will one  
day be clearer shown  
When the man shall stand unhampered in  
the glory of the throne.

III.

Through the hoar frost crimson pennons of  
the dawn begin to show  
And the crystal ice-spars glisten with an  
iridescent glow.

In far distant lands, and kinder, when the  
day begins to dawn,  
Comes a chirrup from the tree tops and an  
answer from the lawn,

From some neighboring branch's shelter goes  
a flutter and a cry  
And the matin song of Nature sweeps the  
gold-empurpled sky,

All is motion, all is gladness, happy in re-  
turning light,  
Not the dead, oppressive stillness of this  
gleaming waste of white,



Not this silence, hushed and lifeless as the  
    shadowed face of Fate,  
Brooding ever on the secret locked within its  
    ice-bound gate;

Here, no hills that call to meadows where  
    cool, babbling rivers run,  
Here, no joyous cry of greeting from the  
    children of the sun.

Yet the horizon, dull tinted, shows faint mo-  
    tion in the east,  
Signs of life that make the wildness seem in  
    loneliness increased,

Clear, and clearer, shows the outline 'gainst  
    the stretch of yellow sky  
And the startled air rolls pulsing underneath  
    the hunter's cry.

Tokohoma, lithe and supple, Tokohoma, strong  
    and brave,  
Lord of all these sullen acres, lord of land, of  
    air, of wave,

Lord, by right of full possession, where no  
stranger forms intrude,  
He, a chieftain, undisputed, reigns o'er realms  
of solitude.

And he comes on fleet foot speeding over  
white, uncharted tracts,  
Storming, fearlessly, the ice-blocks in the  
frozen cataracts,

Spurning drift on drift that, gleaming like  
great milestones bleak and cold,  
Mark the path of this new Hermes swift of  
foot as he of old.

Now he pauses, stoops, and, seeming, ques-  
tions something that is dumb,  
Then darts back like winged arrow, back on  
way so lately come,

And the startled white grouse question the  
astonished face of dawn,  
"Where his course?" and, "What his mission?"  
Ere the answer, he is gone.

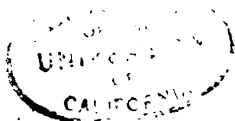
Gone, with doubt each hope defying, gone,  
with pain of anxious breath,  
Gone, on wings of fear fast flying, racing  
with the phantom death;

Muscles tense, and nostrils swelling, back,  
still back, each white drift rolls,  
Tokohoma pressing closer to his heart the  
thing he holds.

North, still north, till on his vision, lo, there  
falls a welcome sight,  
Rounded mound of snow-house glist'ning in  
its new found dome of white,

Then, quick passes through its portal to the  
haven of his quest,  
Worn and wan, this Hermes, clasping still  
his burden to his breast;

Burden strangely limp and lifeless, burden  
fair as shines the sun,  
Burden for which Tokohoma neck to neck  
with death has run.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG.

---

But the stretch is still uncovered, still uncertain lies the goal—

Down upon his knees he drops, then, in his agony of soul,

With his mind in dread commotion and his heart in frenzied storm

While he tears the fur-lined wrappings from the unresisting form;

First, his own skin coat of sable he had wrapped about her there

When he found her by her father, lost, within the storm-god's lair,

Then complexities of garments that he does not understand,

Frail and feminine, that perish underneath his unskilled hand,

And the white arm lies before him in its stillness of repose,

And the tender throat as pulseless as is beauty in the snows.

How he chafes her arms, her body, with no  
moment's pause for rest,  
How he turns his timid glances from the glory  
of her breast,

How all hope goes out and darkness of de-  
spair creeps in its place  
As he, breathless, seeks some evidence of life  
within her face,

How he labors long and tireless till the thing  
he prays is done,  
Let the melting snow-drift tell you as it fades  
beneath the sun.

Swift a tide of feeling sweeps him when slight  
sign of life returns,  
Giving place to new emotions where deep  
earnestness still burns,

And his trembling hand slow falters where  
so firm has been his touch  
Now that death is partly vanquished and the  
foe has eased its clutch.

With the tenderness of woman he quick  
clothes the waking form,  
Lays it gently on heaped wolfskin, fox, and  
brown seal, soft and warm,

Then withdraws a little distance resting pen-  
sive in his place,  
Looking with a deep emotion on the beauty  
of her face;

Through his brain whirl dreams, traditions,  
glints of fragmentary lore,  
Foolish fancies of his people scarcely credited  
before,

But of Fate none dares to question, and the  
thing will be she wills,  
And a feeling strange and sacred Tokohoma's  
being thrills.

"Have you come?" he softly murmurs, "Has  
the promise, then, been kept?  
"O, my queen, you near did perish, death so  
close to you had crept,

"I near lost you ere I found you, such the  
limit of man's pow'r,

"Destiny he knows awaits him yet he cannot  
name the hour.

"Have you come? Some import tells me the  
prophetic word was true,

"And my soul to doubting question ever an-  
swers, 'It is you.'

"It is you, of whose vague coming council  
graybeards oft-times spoke,

"It is you, whose sacred mission was to lift  
my people's yoke,

"It is you, your way swung hither, as on  
orbit swings the star,

"Queen for me, and for my people, scattered,  
lost and strayed afar ;

"All are gone, the winds of heaven from the  
four points breathe their name,

"None is warrior, now, nor hunter, unmo-  
lest feed the game ;

"They have sunk to trade, to barter, nor resent  
the white man's jibe,

"And their chief, ashamed, self-exiled, stands  
a chief without a tribe.

"You are come, your course appointed you  
are helpless in your fate,

"You should be a queen of nations, not a  
tribeless chieftain's mate,

"You should look on deeds of valor and praise  
victories well won,

"And review your fearless warriors number-  
less beneath the sun—

"Yet you may not. It is written you are  
mine to have, to hold,

"You will love me—so the graybeards spake  
in prophecy of old."

Life returns, and comes prophetic, as it  
should, through troubled moan,

And the face of Tokohoma like another face  
has grown;



All emotions quickly conquered now in depth  
of shadow rest,  
In his look no trace of tumult that so lately  
swept his breast

For the bird must not be 'frighted though  
to flame his heart be fanned,  
Not until she comes to love him can he make  
her understand.

Doubt that she will love him henceforth will  
be foreign to his mind,  
He has questioned, and decided, question now  
is left behind

And his heart, untamed and simple, wakens  
to one sole desire  
And in crucible of beauty, lo, is left there  
molten fire.

Calm he stands, the strength of manhood  
marked in wild, unstudied grace  
And his dark eyes showing blacker 'gainst  
the fairness of his face.

IV.

There are times when breath is bitter; there  
are times when life is dust;  
There are times the tortured soul cries out  
against the body's rust;

There are times when adverse waters sweep  
life's ship with fateful roar,  
When oblivion were better than to strand  
upon the shore.

She who lies there scarce accredits that the  
fires of life still burn,  
Thoughts, in slow and halting fashion, back  
o'er snow-framed pictures turn,

And vague mem'ry dawning clearer to a better  
sense of grief  
Wakes to find but keener anguish in its  
efforts for relief.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG.

---

Tokohoma waits the turning of the quick-  
ening pulses' flow,  
Sees the lips' and cheeks' gray pallor to faint  
shade of crimson grow,

Watches dark-fringed eyelids quiver as they  
feel the life-tide rise  
And, at last, his soul meets, melting, that  
strange glory of her eyes.

Kindness, nature's common language, speaks  
when helpless lips are dumb,  
Through it babe and painted savage to sweet  
understanding come,

Through it all the blighting stigma of a life  
may be enfurled,  
Through it once a man was given to arouse a  
sleeping world.

She divines this simple kindness that within  
his glances rest  
And a storm of bitter weeping sweeps the  
tumult of her breast.

Naught she asks of how she came here,  
naught of question dimly lights  
Mind distraught that, heavy burdened, takes  
as yet but halting flights,

'Tis enough a fellow creature sympathizes  
with despair,  
Anguish questions not of glances that the look  
of pity wear ;

Out to him her arms she holds then in impassioned way and wild  
And he soothes her bitter moaning as a father  
soothes his child.

Long she sobs till founts of anguish hold no  
more of tears to weep,  
Till exhaustion, mast'ring sorrow, yields it up  
to troubled sleep.

And she wakes to days of fever, wakes to  
nights of bitter pain,  
Only Tokohoma conscious of how long she  
thus has lain,

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG.

---

Only Tokohoma knowing how was watched  
each fitful breath,  
How was fought a second battle with the  
dreaded wraith of death,

How a second time he, victor, hid the joy of  
what he felt,  
And the great white silence, only, heard, "I  
thank Thee," as he knelt.

V.

As beneath its woe of winter cold and sombre  
    lies the earth,  
As the naked shrubs, like mortals, moan their  
    doubt of life's rebirth,

As the rivers shroud their faces in their mourn-  
    ing cloaks of snow  
So do human hearts, dull-burdened, 'neath  
    grief's winter, sunless grow.

Tokohoma tries to lighten in these convales-  
    cent days  
That faint smile, more sad than weeping, that  
    upon her pale lip plays ;

Not unmoved by kind endeavor, though from  
    grief no nearer wooed,  
She, to please him, smiles a little, such the  
    sense of gratitude.

After tempest comes the sunshine, after winter  
comes the spring,  
Not forever shall 'the mourning cry through  
sorrow's cavern ring;

Tokohoma sees the roses on pale cheeks begin  
to glow,  
Sees faint hope, again transcendent, o'er the  
darkness radiance throw.

In these days he searches mem'ry for stray  
threads of useful art,  
In these days the thing projected holds some  
impress of his heart,

In these days the deerskin wrapping, thong of  
hide, and belt of fur  
Take strange tints of unguessed beauty, since  
he fashions them for her.

By her couch he sits whole evenings, resting  
pensive hand on cheek,  
Joyous if she give commission, happy if she  
will but speak;

Unreservedly she tells him of the vagrant  
hopes that start,  
Of desires long since relinquished that were  
wont to fret her heart.

Thus he has small need to question of the  
things that he would learn,  
Thus her heart an open book is, and its leaves  
in sequence turn

While he reads the broken story of a life still  
young in years  
But deep bowed with age when looked at  
through its mist of blurring tears.

These, the lines that touch her deepest, are  
the ones most often read  
Though the plans that lie transcribed there are  
reviewed as projects dead ;

As the moth with hurt wing flutters round  
the candle's dying beams,  
So does man forever hover near the wreckage  
of his dreams.



In the trend of daily converse froth thoughts  
float like ocean foam,  
And from beat of inward tumult rises oft the  
word of "Home."

Home, that place of peace, of comfort, where  
the weary heart can rest,  
Home, that word which strikes vibrating on  
the gnarled strings of the breast!

Tokohoma vaguely gathers from her, now,  
repose of mind,  
That this cherished dream, like others, has  
been sadly left behind,

And a surging thought sweeps o'er him, as  
o'er pine-tops sweeps the blast,  
Leaving him unsteady, swaying, when the  
fevered thrill has past,

Leaving him in deep emotion that is near  
akin to prayer  
And his brow full-flushed in beauty by the  
thought it shelters there.

When her strength is well recovered then he  
leaves her for a space,  
To return each night with myst'ry overspread-  
ing all his face.

To her questions of his absence he gives pre-  
text ever new  
And close guards each word lest inkling of  
his secret filter through.

Dawning suns see busy fingers shaping crude  
things into form,  
Flurried snow-flakes pause to question ere  
they merge within the storm,

Help of hope in light transcendent seems to  
shine from gift above,  
All of toil is zephyr lightness when the task  
is that of love;

And the day stands golden lettered in the  
shifting sands that run  
When, triumphant, Tokohoma views his  
heart's great labor done.

O, 'the joy that sweeps the Northland, close  
to anguish deep allied,  
On that day when Tokohoma finds the frail  
one at his side

Out among his bleak possessions, ringed afar  
by gleaming heights,  
Out beneath the changing weirdness of the  
restless northern lights;

Through the dusk of noonday glitter discs  
of silver, touched with gold,  
Where the sun-dogs pierce the hoar frost  
hanging sinister and cold;

Naught so poignant or impressive here, where  
sovereign forces meet,  
As the sense of desolation that is crushing  
and complete.

Soon, when nearer things are noticed, she a  
tiny cabin sees,  
Outlined yonder near the snow-house 'gainst  
a ground of distant trees;

There her instinct quickly answers questions  
    she has long repressed  
And a strange emotion flutters, like a weak-  
    ness, in her breast.

Tokohoma, watching mutely, tries her pur-  
    pose to divine,  
Ere she turns and utters simply, "Let us  
    enter. It is mine."

Quietly she takes possession, quietly essays  
    to speak,  
Burning rose and pallid lily alternating in  
    her cheek,

And as scattered sea-drift whispers of that  
    wealth the wave conceals,  
So her kindly smile is index to the gratitude  
    she feels.

In no time of their abiding, strange, and in-  
    timate, and fleet,  
Has the pulse of Tokohoma in such wanton  
    fashion beat;

She, unconscious of his weakness, seeks new  
wonders to extol,  
While he trembles lest his secret burst the  
bond of stern control.

When the dearth of simple objects leaves no  
more to be admired,  
Down she sinks on rug of wolfskin like a  
child with laughter tired,

Noting, still, her strange possessions, prais-  
ing, still, with ling'ring glance,  
Searching close lest any treasure has been  
overlooked by chance,

And when all but well decided as her eyes  
sweep walls and floor,  
Yonder sees some shining object she had let  
escape before.

Quickly come to where it glistens, wide of  
eye and hushed of breath,  
O'er her rounded cheek swift sweeping  
spreads a pallor gray as death.

From its place she lifts a necklace, crude of  
workmanship and plan,  
Nuggets, linked in simple fashion, large and  
small, a circlet span,

And her hesitating fingers o'er each rough-  
ened surface play  
While she questions Tokohoma in repressed  
and rapid way:

How he came by their possession? What  
their story? Where their source?  
Looking back her way seems swung here  
by some strange and occult force.

She, like every artless dreamer, hopeful for  
the thing long planned,  
Sees a fate in each occurrence that she fails  
to understand;

And she waits for confirmation of the thing  
already guessed,  
But his answer breathes evasion, clearly leav-  
ing much suppressed;

And he begs that she will tell him what the  
power is, ere he speaks,  
That so swift has changed the color of the  
damask of her cheeks ;

What the force is that for ages has not  
loosed its mystic hold  
On the heart that in the white man, lusts to  
clasp the yellow gold.

And she answers, speaking softly in her  
earnestness of tone,  
Every word imbued with color from the sor-  
rows she has known :

“Gold is talisman for evil, gold is happiness,  
is rest,

“Gold is balm for every sorrow that assails  
the human breast,

“Gold is guide for them that struggle in the  
sea of daily strife,

“Gold is counselor, magician, gold is beauty,  
gold is life ;

"Gold is synonym for honor, it is glory, it is  
fame,

"Gold's a crutch for social cripples with ob-  
scurity of name,

"Gold a trickster is, its palmings e'en the  
skeptical convince,

"For its lack proclaims the peon, its abundance  
names the prince.

"By it race, and caste, and teachings all are  
leveled in a breath;

"It makes equal slave and master as effectually  
as death,

"And so full it taints and tinges all that fancy  
may behold

"That its power scales even heaven to bespeak  
the streets of gold;

"In the sky the moon hangs golden, golden  
shines the sun above,

"Gold is head, and heart, and feeling, gold is  
friendship, gold is love."



IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG.

---

Seeing then that Tokohoma deeply on each  
word attends,  
She, in tone half grave, half jesting, that a  
lighter humor lends,

Adds, "These Midas gifts, as fleeting as the  
breath that scents the rose,  
Are for thee, too, could men name thee Prince  
of Gold, thou Prince of Snows."

VI.

Like a great white sphinx the Northland lies  
implacable and dread;  
Dull and gray the arch of heaven frowns,  
low-bending, overhead;

Sullen snow-fields, void of luster, rest be-  
neath a pulseless sky,  
Stretch on stretch of space spreads empty,  
undisturbed by call or cry;

Silence wraps the lake and river, silence  
shrouds the copse and hill,  
Sound is 'frighted by the silence and remains  
forever still;

What of life is here speeds noiseless, appre-  
hensive, and afraid,  
Ever fearful of some horror unaccountably  
delayed.

Here is heard no soothing rustle from the  
leaves of swaying trees,

Here is seen no dancing ripples spraying  
shores of inland seas,

Here the mocking northlight flashes in a  
jagged arc of red,

Here the earth lies wan and ghastly, to its  
soul benumbed and dead;

Here the phantom dusk slow merges into  
weird, fantastic night,

And a mighty hush low crouches on eternal  
beds of white.

In the west rise towering mountains, by a  
river interlaced,

Whose approach is dragon-guarded, tier on  
tier, by glistening waste;

Rugged boulders, javelin-pointed, rise dis-  
puters of the way,

Black abysses spread their pitfalls to entrap  
unwary prey;

Precipices roughly threaten where had  
seemed an open path,  
Yawning chasms breathe the story of some  
deep, insatiate wrath,

Noxious gases, slowly lifting, merge within  
the ruling frost,  
Deeply sprung from such weird darkness  
that their origin is lost.

On one towering peak, that rises more for-  
bidding than the rest,  
Is a giant crag hung midway, sheer and dread,  
'twixt base and crest ;

Far above it walls of granite shimmer to a  
giddy height,  
Far beneath a cliff drops darkly into mystery  
and night.

Here no mark of wandering hoof-beat strays  
to scar the crusted snows,  
Here formidable defenses guard the great  
crag's bleak repose,

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG.

---

Here the wild, aggressive aspect softening  
drifts cannot efface,  
And a heart inured to danger well may pause  
in such a place.

To the rock there seems appended some discernible approach,  
Though great boulders mar its outline and  
though frozen streams encroach;

Years, long years, with brow dark beetling,  
it has scowled on hill and plain,  
Years, long years, its glooming shadow on  
the mountain's breast has lain.

When the Spring unclasps the river from its  
long-locked icy sheath,  
Then a second crag floats trembling in the  
waters far beneath,

And the white-finned salmon darting where  
the depths of crystal gleam  
Shun the shade that wavers darkly as it falls  
athwart the stream.

Vague tradition wraps in shadow deeper still  
the jagged crest,  
And far out upon the seacoast where the red  
sun gilds the West

Lives a tale of how a warrior bore the death  
he rightly won  
Who designed to lead a paleface to the  
Great Crag of the Sun.

One dull dawn, before the ghost-light fades  
beneath advancing day,  
Over drifts that lie unbroken Tokohoma  
takes his way;

North he speeds o'er rising uplands that de-  
flect toward the west,  
Where the Great Crag, looming darkly, stirs  
strange tumult in his breast;

Many times its rugged outline he has traced  
against the sky,  
Many times its sober grandeur has com-  
pelled his heart and eye,

Though familiar with its phases as it rises  
bleak and sheer,  
Yet he ne'er has braved its shadow but with  
superstitious fear.

Soon the plain is left behind him stretching  
far toward the east,  
And he turns to face new hazards that each  
moment are increased,

Cautiously he goes, and slowly, in the hush  
of bated breath,  
For who braves the Crag's dominions braves  
them hand in hand with death.

Giant rocks must be surmounted, shad'wy  
chasms must be crossed,  
Shallow footholds forced in ice-blocks where  
the mountain streams have tossed,

Spines of jagged rock are pathways swung  
between the earth and sky,  
Where his heart must beat courageous if he  
have no wish to die.

Here he skirts a ledge, long riven by the  
force of some past shock,  
Where lie fossil ferns embedded in the strata  
of the rock ;

Here is shunned a pit smooth-cruised by its  
overhanging drifts  
Fairy edged in feathery hoar frost trembling  
lightly in the rifts.

Where this fissure yawns abysmal to a depth  
of fearful gloom  
Is the spot the redskin traitor met the horror  
of his doom.

Tokohoma nears its darkness. He must leap  
it. It is done.  
And he sinks fatigued and breathless at the  
Great Crag of the Sun.

Here he rests till day comes bursting o'er  
the plain in angry red,  
Till the lurid light beats fiercely on the rock  
swung overhead,



Then he rises, stands a moment, like a sinner  
unconfessed,  
Who, enamored of his weakness, cannot  
pluck it from his breast,

And with glances strangely solemn watches  
shadows change and lift  
To disclose beneath the Great Crag, in the  
ledge, a narrow rift

With a vaulted arch beyond it stretching back-  
ward into gloom,  
Wrapped in dread and heavy silence like the  
hush within a tomb.

Here he enters, recent struggle marked in lines  
upon his face  
Set in stolid resolution no conviction may dis-  
place,

In a calm of deadened feeling, like a swimmer,  
cramped and numb,  
Who sinks passive 'neath the waters he has  
failed to overcome.

Scarce his eyes become accustomed to the  
cavern's lesser light  
Than his sluggish fancy quickens to one  
sweeping, backward flight ;

Sacred pledges, oaths, traditions, crowd the  
cave's forbidden door,  
But the pictures are unwelcome, he resolves  
to look no more.

And he turns where broken stratum, virgin  
vein, and glist'ning bed  
Show the velvet yellow changing to a fierce  
and sullen red

'Neath a shaft of sunlight piercing like a  
knife-blade keen and thin  
Through the dark to probe the secret of the  
mystery within.

Gold is here, pure, unpolluted by the hand of  
want or greed,  
Though the heart of many a chieftain has  
been tempted in his need,

But a breast may beat with honor though denied  
    emblazed device,  
And a man's a man, though redskin, and may  
    stand beyond a price.

Through injustice, through privation, through  
    the white man's threat and bribe,  
Has the secret been close guarded by the trust-  
    ed of the tribe.

It had been a hope, a safeguard, should their  
    landholds be assailed,  
It was held a final resource when all other  
    means had failed.

For themselves, such garish bauble it were in  
    them to despise  
But each knew the fascination that it shed for  
    other eyes,

And the vague, uncertain future was a theme  
    for lesser fear  
With such ward against the season when the  
    paleface should appear:

And he came. The moaning pine boughs sway  
    beneath the polar star  
To repeat the old, old story of the lands that  
    lie afar,

Teepees gone, and lodges empty, confiscate  
    by law of might  
And the redman, naked, vanished into nothing-  
    ness and night.

Then it was that graybeard councils gazing  
    o'er their broken host  
Swore to circumvent the white man in the  
    thing he wished the most,

And each calmed his outraged bosom when  
    despoiled and overrun  
By an oath to keep the secret of the Great  
    Crag of the Sun.

Hasten, hasten, Tokohoma! Work while thou  
    hast yet the day,  
Let no sacred pledge deter thee, let no retro-  
    spect delay,

Fuller pile thy mooseskin pouches till their  
space can hold no more,  
Work, proud prince, forget that labor ne'er  
has soiled thy hands before.

Work, and quell that cry within thee that goes  
harking through the years  
Back to suff'rings of thy people, men's priva-  
tions, women's tears,

And forget that near the Yukon where the  
white man spreads his tent  
Glide, at intervals, strange figures with their  
gray locks lowly bent

That abide awhile unquestioned, like to souls  
that stand exempt,  
To observe the strife for riches with grim,  
satisfied contempt—

That come somewhere from the silence to be  
seen awhile of men  
Then, with cloaks close wrapped about them,  
back to silence sink again.

Hasten, hasten, Tokohoma, let no scruple  
    stay thy hand,  
Who has erred he will forgive thee, who has  
    loved will understand.

Hesitate no more upon it, clear thy heart of  
    fretting doubt,  
Act, and if thou may'st, with honor, if thou  
    may'st not, then without.

Ofttimes what has loomed enormous dwindles  
    when the thing be done,  
Thus thy project, with the gauntlet of thy  
    superstitions run.

Thou, a Croesus, heard'st that spoken which  
    through all thy being thrilled  
Yet doth stand, like others, grieving for a wish  
    still unfulfilled?

Hast thou dreamed, perhaps, that somewhere  
    something might be held unsold?  
Hast thou fear of limitation for this sullen,  
    glist'ning gold?

Ease thy mind, O Tokohoma, work while thou  
hast day above,  
"Gold is head, and heart, and feeling, it is  
friendship, it is love."

VII.

Life within the snow-house settles to a semblance of repose ;  
Every day, like that before it, void of interest comes and goes,

Every day a deeper damask shades the convalescent's cheek  
And a lighter tone breaks gently where but grief was wont to speak.

Hope will live while life can struggle, biding fortune's adverse moods  
And from sorrow comes a patience that rebukes vicissitudes.

She who had despaired now rallies as the laggard days go by  
And inclines to'ard hope, through instinct, for to lose it were to die.



Surely naught of hope lies yonder where bleak  
glaciers mark the south,  
Surely naught of promise glistens in the river's  
ice-choked mouth,

Yet she clings in stubborn courage that the  
North alone can give  
To some undefined impression that is hope in  
things that live.

Tokohoma tends his game snares going out  
each day at dawn  
'To retrace each feath'ry footmark ere the  
mists of morn are gone ;

When the drifts are deeply crusted and when  
clement winds abide  
He is seen on plain and upland, a companion  
by his side.

Oft their forms are silhouetted on the dull  
sky's yellow rim  
As they swing o'er rise and lowland, strong  
of breath and free of limb.

Hindered by no clinging garments, wearied  
by no useless dress  
She who stands in fur and buckskin stands a  
woman none the less

With the touch sublime and subtle, deeply ly-  
ing, that defies  
Any form of garb to change it, any custom to  
disguise.

Mile on mile is quickly covered over stretches  
bleak and bare—  
Thus she finds the panacea that can cope  
against despair,

Thus contrives to tire her body that all thought  
may be at rest  
And remains abroad the longer when her heart  
is most distressed.

Tokohoma ne'er surmises what is passing in  
her mind,  
In his self-hallucination he remains content  
and blind,

And construes to suit his pleasure sighs  
that inadvertent start  
While she feeds, all unsuspecting, the strange  
passion of his heart.

Time comes round when such long rambles fail  
to bring the peace desired  
When against her hopeful courage all the  
Northland seems conspired ;

Its great, glistening plains appal her, its relent-  
lessness affrights,  
Menace taints the gloomy story its forbidding  
finger writes

And she ofttimes seeks the shelter of the cabin  
tired, unnerved,  
There to shut away the picture, there to sor-  
row unobserved,

There to feel the hope for succor sink beneath  
assailing doubt  
And a poignant dread steal o'er her of those  
silent ways without.

One day prostrate thus, but hiding each distress of heart and mind  
Lest the tears should seem ungrateful, and the discontent unkind,

One day, just as twilight darkens to the shade that evening wears  
And she bends in deep attention o'er her meager household cares,

Far from out the void comes trembling that which makes her pulses start,  
That which holds the blood suspended in the ways that touch her heart;

Something vague, and yet apparent, tangible, and still unreal,  
Seems to spread in widening circles and through all the Northland steal;

Something undefined, elusive, that a moment fills the pause  
Lying 'twixt her heart's sensations and the question of the cause,

Loud, then soft, then sunk to nothing, as each  
air-gust fades and swells,  
Intermittent sound and silence like the rhythmic  
swing of bells.

On the wind seems borne the fragment of a  
trailing, broken word,  
Quick she turns, but Tokohoma gives no sign  
if he has heard,

And she scarce has lent attention to her small  
pursuits again,  
Checking what she would have spoken, pond'-  
ring what it may have been,

When a gust of stronger pressure sweeping  
past the cabin door  
Brings the sound in vibrant measure, this time  
louder than before.

This time there is no mistaking, this time  
Tokohoma hears,  
Quick he gains the cabin doorway, through the  
purpling twilight peers

To behold a muffled figure swinging o'er the  
dark'ning snow,  
And to meet a salutation sounded in a deep  
"Hallo!"

Scarcely is the greeting answered, scarce the  
first surprise is o'er,  
Ere the dogs and sled sweep circling to a  
halt before the door;

Here they loom unreal and spectral in the  
slow declining light  
While the stranger's hearty accents beg a  
shelter for the night.

It is said, by them that suffer, that despair  
alone can kill,  
These have never known the anguish of a great  
joy's sudden thrill.

She, within, stands tense and rigid, like to one  
of power bereft,  
And, from out fast merging senses, finds but  
expectation left

When at last they stand together in the half  
lit, low walled place,  
Deep and differing emotions showing plainly  
in each face.

O, what energy is wasted in pursuit of false  
desires!  
O, what sacrifices redden, feeding useless altar  
fires!

Through the world we seek life's touchstone,  
ardently, from sun to sun,  
And the hour 'tis least expected, lo, the won-  
drous thing is done.

And 'tis not the wealth of wisdom, and 'tis  
not the glint of gold,  
It is not the thing long dreamed of, that ob-  
tained, we priceless hold

But a rainbow tinted bubble showing, to aston-  
ished eyes,  
Giant plan and cherished purpose dwarfed to  
things of pigmy size;

And the shimm'ring opalescence that fills  
earth and sky above  
Is the old, familiar story, which is all, for it  
is love.

In the time it takes the glances to observe the  
lightning's sheen  
It was done, yet not so quickly but one watch-  
ing there has seen ;

In the redman dormant passions to their  
channels wildly set  
As the look of maid and stranger tell that  
kindred souls have met.



VIII.

When we love, the thing that frets us is un-  
willingly believed,  
We are wroth with doubts of warning, happier,  
far, to be deceived ;

Some strange madness holds us sanguine e'en  
beneath suspicion's frown  
And we scarce admit disaster when our house  
of cards goes down.

So it is with Tokohoma when the first wild  
flush is o'er,  
When the inward tumult settles to the calm it  
knew before,

With the difference that his passions now  
awakened to distrust  
Lie, a lake of seething lava, straining at the  
broken crust.

But he makes each doubt subservient to the  
    hope that love inspires  
And continues blind and stubborn in the way  
    of his desires.

Many morns have now been numbered by  
    the sun's uncertain light  
Since the stranger begged the favor of a shelter  
    for the night.

When came troops of urgent promptings that  
    he should resume his way  
Compromise would 'wait on duty to result in  
    fresh delay.

She of gentle heart, full naively, all her sweet  
    persuasion lends  
And through days of happy converse the pro-  
    tracted stay extends;

Time is tuned to love and raptures that no  
    further wish comprise  
Than the priv'lege of confession, told already  
    through the eyes.

Life takes on a brighter color in the days that  
follow this,  
All the Northland seems transfigured as be-  
neath an angel's kiss ;

Maid and lover find new beauty in the vari-  
tinted sky,  
Watch together bright plumed eagles that,  
o'er hilltops, circling fly,

Hunt the home of snowflowers nestling in the  
bosom of the drifts  
And explore, like happy children, caves of  
overhanging rifts.

Sometimes, in excess of spirits, when she lifts  
her voice in song  
It is heard by Tokohoma, faintly, as he  
speeds along

With his steps still to'ard the darkness of the  
Great Crag in the west  
And the hope of love still vibrant to each pulse-  
beat of his breast.

Since that night of jealous anger when the  
stranger first appeared  
He has held in leash his passions and dismissed  
the things he feared.

'Tis his way with mooted questions to re-  
volve them o'er and o'er,  
But when once they are decided to revert to  
them no more.

Thus his usual projects find him with a clear,  
untroubled mind,  
With no anxious doubt attaching to the pair  
he leaves behind,

Who, their happy love indulging, greet each  
other at the dawn  
With no thought of Tokohoma save that he  
abroad is gone.

Glad that day is here before them where the  
darkness late has been  
Glad to roam their snow-ringed Eden giv'n  
to love each other in,

Still they watch the sun-shafts brighten  
through the overhanging haze  
All unskilled to read the secret of those tower-  
ing peaks they praise,

All unconscious that the Great Crag shows  
beneath the rising sun,  
That the work will, 'neath its shadow, in a lit-  
tle time be done.

Love, confessed, at last lies tranquil 'neath  
contentment that it brings  
And the talk of maid and stranger turns again  
to other things ;

Plan and project half forgotten in the joys  
that nearer pressed  
Now return with deeper interest, fevered  
with the old unrest.

When the lover shares the secret of his mission  
there, it seems  
Warp and woof of that frail fabric which the  
substance is of dreams ;

Deep the story is with interest, he who tells  
it halts for breath  
Like to him from whom he had it ere his lips  
were sealed in death.

Meager word he has for guidance, mem'ry  
only serves for plan,  
But 'tis here, this wealth of Croesus, in the  
circle of a span.

Once again the North is calling with the siren  
voice of old,  
Once again ambition trembles with the lust  
for yellow gold,

Once again the tinkling sledge-bells fret the  
silence of the dawn  
And return to find the snow-house when the  
shades of night are drawn.

Days are spent in fruitless effort, empty search,  
and useless toil,  
Hope sustained on that which fails it must  
upon itself recoil,

But the sting of disappointment when the  
    primal pain is o'er,  
Leaves the stranger still as eager, and as sanguine as before.

Thus he spends the time indulging old ambitions, hope compels;  
Thus each night the maid who loves him  
    listens, listens, for the bells,

And their distant, muffled echo lightly tossed  
    from mound to mound  
Rolls but faint, still all her being leaps responsive to the sound.

Yet, at times, come vague present'ments, that,  
    in terror, hold her dumb;  
What if never from the silence should the  
    sledge-bells tinkling come?

What if yonder sun declining mark the epoch  
    with its beams  
When her soul shall wake to torment from the  
    joy of empty dreams?

Thus, full oft, she frets her spirit with the  
    pain of love's alarms,  
Thus, full oft, misgivings vanish, fading 'neath  
    protecting arms.

Once, when such grave dread assails her that  
    her eyes o'erflow with tears,  
And her lover soothes with kisses all her doubts  
    and foolish fears,

One approaching to'ard the cabin where a  
    ling'ring sunbeam plays,  
Stops without to view the picture, as it were,  
    through crimson haze ;

From his back, as is his custom, flings his game  
    upon the floor,  
But omits the usual greeting as he steps within  
    the door.



IX.

Morn across the endless snow-fields creeps re-  
luctantly and gray,  
Loath to mock the dead, bleak silence with the  
light of coming day,

Heavy o'er each hill and river slow it steals  
with laggard feet  
Where the hoar frost clings in garlands like  
a mold'ring winding-sheet ;

It would seem that some stray life-throb  
should, at dawn, in gladness start  
But the whole white stretch lies pulseless, cold  
and sullen to its heart.

Yet about the cabin yonder signs of waking  
motion shows,  
But 'tis alien to the landscape and the great  
North's grim repose.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG.

---

First the sledge-dogs start the echoes to an-  
nounce that night is fled  
Springing up to greet the sunlight from each  
warm, snow-burrowed bed.

From the snow-house comes the stranger,  
drowsy still beneath some dream  
Half regretting that 'twas broken by the  
clamor of the team.

All night long had sleep been troubled, all  
night long had shadows pressed  
Round his couch to lend discomfort and with  
discord fill his breast;

Faces had, in wanton fashion flashing by, re-  
signed their place  
To a mask, that came and vanished, like to  
Tokohoma's face,

But when day in listless motion o'er the hills  
began to creep  
Then his troubled mind had drifted to a calmer,  
sweeter sleep,



Filled with vagrant fancies merging to a better,  
happier trend  
That the outcry from the sledge-dogs interrupted ere the end.

Soon the eager team, full harnessed, stands  
impatient for the start,  
Once again the lover, turning, holds the maiden  
to his heart,

Who, with that vague fear upon her which  
from too great love will grow,  
Closely clings to him in silence, strangely  
loath to let him go.

When his form is but a shadow in the distance these alarms  
Haunt her still and through perverseness seem  
to mock her empty arms ;

But to quell each fond misgiving soon more  
cheerful thoughts arise,  
Sanguine dreams of fairer countries bring back  
hope to wistful eyes,

She, pretending, reads the future from the  
book's unopened leaves  
With attention keenly busy on the woof that  
fancy weaves.

All day long she feels the promise of a happier  
fortune spring,  
All day long bright hopes around her like a  
benediction cling

And when night across the Northland in a  
heavy pall is drawn  
She, in doubt, can scarce accredit that the  
happy day is gone.

Household duties now commanding, quick she  
trims a feeble light,  
Stops between her cares to listen to the noises  
of the night;

Something yonder, tense and sullen, sweeps  
the earth with broken moan,  
She who hears stands dumb and rigid like an  
image carved in stone.

Far, far out, each surging air-gust fateful  
forces swift invites—

This the sound is that, full-swelling, spoke of  
death that night of nights!

Round the hut stray, hurried snowflakes com-  
ing forces half reveal,  
Bitter cold through chink and cranny pierces  
like the thrust of steel.

In the lulls that come abruptly, quick succeed-  
ing fitful swells,  
She, within, in deep attention, once more  
listens for the bells,

Once more hears their muffled music roll along  
the changing mounds  
Once more marks each tinkling cadence trail  
away in broken sounds,

Once more waits within the cabin where such  
happiness has been  
Till the low-browed door shall open and her  
lover enter in.

Footsteps o'er the snow come creaking to announce him near, at last,  
Soon the cabin door swings shiv'ring from before a biting blast

That sweeps walls, and floor, and ceiling,  
shrieking loud in mad delight,  
Then whirls back, past Tokohoma, to be lost within the night.

For the time that spans a moment still he stands without remark,  
Strangely tall his stalwart figure looms against the outer dark,

In his black hair frost wreaths glisten, snow-flakes fleck his wolfskin coat,  
Torn, perhaps by jagged boulders, and loose hanging at the throat.

Sullenly at last he enters, to all outward presence blind,  
Deeply sunk 'twould seem in problems that revolve within his mind.

Lightly moves the maid preparing that which  
forms the evening meal,  
But full oft to'ard Tokohoma do her furtive  
glances steal;

To her mind come wild suggestions that her  
inmost soul rejects,  
She refuses as preposterous this strange thing  
she half suspects;

Then the truth comes full upon her sharp, con-  
vincing, clear defined,  
And explains much bitter rancor in the heart  
once known as kind.

As the falcon stares bewildered when first  
loosed from jess and hood  
So she, dazed, now looks on actions until now  
misunderstood;

In the light of this revealing she becomes con-  
fused and dumb—  
They must go, herself and lover, lest some  
fearful evil come.

Tokohoma, sitting silent, makes as if he would  
arise,  
There seems menace in his action, there seems  
madness in his eyes ;

O'er the maid sweep vague present'ments,  
what they are she scarce can say,  
But her heart reads evil omen in her lover's  
long delay.

In this drift of speculation time has passed  
not marked before,  
Up she starts, alarmed and anxious, swift pro-  
ceeds toward the door

And when faint and all but sinking 'neath the  
problem of her doubt  
Tokohoma flashes past her and in frenzy  
rushes out.

Out, far out, his form soon merges in the  
shadows of the west ;  
Out, far out, with dread emotions storming  
fiercely in his breast,



Glad he is to whip through wind-gusts sweep-  
ing by with broken wail,  
Glad he is to buffet forces marshalled for the  
gathering gale ;

Swift he spurns each ice-clad boulder, heedless  
passes trap and lure,  
Scorns to cling where shallow footholds mark  
the way as insecure,

Wildly leaps each drift and chasm, desp'rate  
till the goal be won  
And at last stands torn and bleeding 'neath  
the Great Crag of the Sun.

Scudding clouds that fly wind driven, show a  
path of ghostly light  
Where the pale moon, hanging distant, seems  
to mock the frozen night.

In a patch of open sky-line where the forces  
thinly set  
Tokohoma's storm-swept figure shows in inky  
silhouette ;

He, like one in sudden madness, bares his  
temples to the blast,  
Caring not for dangers present, dwelling not  
on dangers past ;

He disdains each giant wind-gust that assails  
his eerie place  
And that lifts his hair and flings it like a  
whip across his face

But he feels no outward lashing of his passion  
driven form  
And his wild, disheveled figure seems the  
spirit of the storm.

Once, his arms he stretches upward like to one  
who bears the pain  
Of a grief, that grown to crush him, he no  
longer may sustain,

Then, as if to thwart emotions out of which  
such weakness grew,  
Quickly turns toward the cavern and the work  
left still to do.

When desires that love has cherished, when the  
    life that love has planned  
Fade away in swift destruction ere we come to  
    understand,

Then 'tis not the final wrecking of our hopes  
    that rends the heart  
But the looking on the dumb things that have  
    been of love a part.

Tokohoma takes the pouches, one by one, from  
    out their place  
And a wave of tender feeling hotly burns  
    within his face ;

Dreams are here, and fancied projects, in these  
    mooseskin pouches rolled,  
Hopes and sweet anticipations, garnered with  
    the gathered gold ;

Here are gentle thoughts compelling to'ard  
    the love he hoped to win  
And beneath each thong some life-drop of his  
    heart is fastened in.

Rouse thyself, O Tokohoma, let thy inner  
soul be dumb;  
Is it royal prince, or woman, that can thus be  
overcome?

Thou hast seen a star swing hither and its  
orbit touched thy course—  
It has passed—thy way is yonder, true to thy  
compelling force.

Rouse thyself and let the temper of thy fathers  
in thee speak,  
Let thy manhood shame the weakness showing  
pallid on thy cheek,

And the work that brought thee hither, let it  
be completely done,  
It is well that hope should end here where thy  
folly was begun.

Then, beneath the crag is motion that would  
kin to frenzy seem,  
In the fitful light quick flashes that which  
shows with velvet gleam;

Down, deep down, through space descending,  
hard and yellow, shining, cold,  
Leaps, with sudden flings and dashes, hoard on  
hoard of glist'ning gold ;

Down it springs like bright blades flashing,  
each removed from shrouding sheath,  
Till it hides within the shadows of the river  
far beneath.

When at last the task is ended Tokohoma turns  
his face  
And looks long toward the cabin, standing  
rigid in his place ;

In his pose is that intenseness of a question  
deep involved,  
In his look that indecision of a purpose half  
resolved ;

But he turns aside suggestions, holding one  
alone exempt  
And at last this, too, dismisses with a gesture  
of contempt.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG.

---

Wild and strange his form in shadow marks  
itself against the light  
As he turns and sets sharp northward to be lost  
within the night.

X.

When the storm is spent and morning in the  
curtained east is shown  
Then the Northland, cold and empty, comes  
again into its own.

Naught disturbs the lonely distance save a  
cry that spreads afar  
As a wolf, on crouching haunches, points his  
nose toward a star.

Landmarks that were things familiar lie in-  
consequent and strange;  
Where was life now seems existent some mute  
evidence of change,

Restless snow-drifts hedge the cabin and the  
snow-house close about  
And the paths before their doorways are for-  
ever blotted out.

Like a wraith, the chill of morning through the  
hut, unhindered, steals  
And it writes in silver tracings of the things  
the light reveals,

Yet it can record no motion that the distant  
dawn awoke  
Save that from the lamp, still burning, trails a  
line of quiv'ring smoke ;

Too, a sheet of snow, thin drifted, creeps  
across the cabin floor  
Like a restless ghost, and yonder, just outside  
the open door,

Tiny whirls of powd'ry lightness hiss against  
a growing mound  
That has ris'n to hide beneath it what has  
stained the frozen ground.

Fitful gusts of wind, sharp circling, quickly  
fill each sunken rift  
Cov'ring close the sledge's burden lying  
deep within the drift.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG.

---

When the laggard sun, slow mounting, gives  
the day a deeper glow  
Then is shown two quiet figures outlined  
'neath the drifted snow,

One a man's is, all unconscious that his blood-  
less lips are pressed  
By a woman, who, still kneeling, clasps her  
lover to her breast.

In the North the air hangs heavy 'neath the  
silence of the years  
And the wind moans low and broken as it  
sweeps between the spheres.





**EARTH'S LESSON.**

Why should we not bring smiles instead of tears  
To lay upon the altar-stone of God?  
Why hold beliefs of superstitious years  
That dwarf the spirit with discordant fears  
And outrage flesh with harsh, insulting rod?

Why should we not come singing to the throne  
With hearts that in ebullency of joy  
Seem bursting from their cells, too narrow grown?  
O, why should man reap nothing of the sown  
But tares, and all the beautiful destroy?

The feast is spread and we are asked to dine;  
What sullenness of temper does it show  
To rudely turn from kindly proffered wine  
And pass with shielded eyes where splendors shine.  
The Father never meant it should be so.

THEN AS NOW.

---

Sing, sing fair earth, till every silent throat  
Responds unto the life-song of your sod  
And thunder-sounding rolls each swelling note;  
And teach us by your own sweet, simple rote  
To smile beneath the kindly smile of God.

THEN AS NOW.

Long, long ago when butterflies  
Could converse hold, and let men know  
Their wants, they caught the traits of men  
As I will undertake to show.

---

Two butterflies were winging past  
King Solomon's temple, grand and vast;  
From touch of wing and foolish flutter  
'Twas plain unto the most benighted,  
Their troth had just that day been plighted.

Like maid perplexed when blushes come,  
My Lady Butterfly was dumb,  
But, bursting with his own importance,  
My great Lord Butterfly, loquacious,  
Spoke of himself in way audacious.

"You see yon temple, dear," he said ;  
She answered, "Yes," by nod of head ;  
"Well, with my wing, all down encovered,  
I easily those pillars, polished,  
Could tumble at your feet, demolished."

This bold remark was overheard  
By Solomon: "Upon my word  
Who ever knew such braggart boasting?"  
Then calling him aside, demanded  
Why he should lie thus open-handed.

Returning to his mate at last,  
She, woman-like, asked what had passed ;  
And he, man-like, to stop at nothing  
So, with éclat, he might come through it,  
Replied, "He asked me not to do it."

THE EARTH-CALL.

To you, in cowl and gown,  
Who stand aloof with hands crossed on your  
    breast  
And patient head bowed down,  
Do wild thoughts ever come?  
Do ghosts of former hours now long since spent  
In phantom shape renew the joys they lent  
And hold you in their vagaries of air;  
Do you at times awake to find your prayer  
Forgotten, and lips dumb?

Beneath that sober garb  
Do vagrant longings ever stir to vex  
Your heart with cruel barb?  
Do dreams you thought long crushed  
Rush full upon you o'er your weakening will  
And make your pulses leap with quickening thrill?  
What guilty blush is this that stains your cheek?

## THE EARTH-CALL.

---

The scourge, the scourge for one avowed so weak  
Till lawlessness is hushed.

Do voices from the throng,  
Strange, weird world-voices, ever reach your heart  
And still your matin song?  
Do you, too, ever seem  
To see the better happiness afar  
And, when 'tis day, long for the night's pale star,  
Then, scarce the night comes, wish the day again?  
Your lot is but the common lot of men;  
Back to your beads—to dream.



THE GREATER VICTORY.

There was a way, a joy, a mystic, unnamed thing  
A dreamer sought—  
As vague as air that's troubled by a swallow's  
wing—  
Ideal, intangible, and shadow-fraught.

Impossible it seemed, so much it held desired,  
So much implied,  
So near, yet so remote; uncertainty conspired  
To make it seem by distance deified.

One day the prize was gained; he struggled  
through despair,  
Through ways defiled,  
To grasp a poisoned cup; the watching world  
stood there  
And so he pressed it to his lips and smiled.

THE LOVE-PLAINT.

For my love and me  
How the robins sang in the greenwood tree,  
How the great bell's voice  
In the church afar made the hills rejoice  
For my love and me.

On the sun-kissed lea,  
Where the wanton flower lures the roving bee,  
There we rested long,  
And the whole world throbbed to the passion-song  
Of my love and me.

Ah, my love and me,  
How we creep afar lest the world shall see  
What my arms enfold;  
O, the way is long and the world is cold  
For my love and me.

**AT SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO\*.**

The story runs thus: 'Twas a sabbath morn  
So still that no leaf of the tasseled corn  
Which weighted the stalks in the neigh'ring field  
By rustle or tremor a breeze revealed;  
A pastoral scene that was fair to view,  
With cattle in clover-flecked fields of dew,  
And the sun just touching with burnished gold  
San Juan Capistrano, the mission old.

With them that kneel down 'neath its arches, dim,  
In the love of their hearts to remember Him  
Is she, who, low-bowed in her place of prayer,  
Seems shunned by the faithful who gather there;  
Bright feminine eyes on her fair face rest,  
On her rounded arm and her swelling breast,  
And each seems inclined to deny assent  
To beauty that sins and is penitent.

Out yonder a silence shrouds copse and hill  
And fastens the valley within its thrill;  
A ponderous terror that creeps along  
And hushes the notes of the thrush's song,

A sullen, intangible, grewsome thing,  
The shadow, unseen, of a monster-wing,  
That gathers the steeps in its mystic clutch  
And palsies the air with mesmeric touch.

The animate harken ; the silence speaks ;  
Back flashes the answer in fear-blanced cheeks,  
And horrors, half dreamed of, suspended lie  
In the beat of the breath and the wid'ning eye ;  
A rumble, a rending, a power compressed  
That tortures the hills with its deep unrest,  
A shiver, a pause, then the temblor's hurled  
In the white of its wrath on a helpless world.

The mystery gathers within the dell  
And hushes the sound of the mission bell,  
It razes the stones with its lev'ling rod  
And crushes the cries that are raised to God.  
No soul, in the chapel, that felt its breath  
But rushed to the doors to a frenzied death  
Save her who was shunned ; lest her faint heart fail  
She had knelt, in her faith, at the altar rail.

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\*When the proud old mission at Capistrano was tumbled  
by an earthquake the arch over the altar was the only one  
that stood.

WHEN LOVE BETRAYS.

The banshee frets the night with dismal cry ;  
Some twenty times across the wind-swept dune  
I've heard it come, now shrill, now scarce a sigh  
That floats beneath the weird and pallid moon  
Like some dread echo moaning in reply.

Your lover soon will come ; rest yet awhile  
Till yonder length'ning shadow darkly dips  
And lays its finger on the sleeping dial,  
Then wake the heavy silence of your lips  
And rouse their languor to a welcome smile.

Who knocks without ? You are impatient, friend,  
But eager lover knows not how to wait.  
Perhaps your mistress in good time will send  
And raise the hopes that droop disconsolate.  
Have patience, doors must open, nights must end.

What! Yet again? Could you, beyond the door,  
Behold the stillness of this covered thing,  
This huddled horror prone upon the floor  
And watch the growth of yonder eddying ring  
I wonder would you seek admittance more?

How near that cry! Could I have heard aright?  
It seemed to live within the very room.  
What fiend conspires to fill me with affright?  
Vague portents breathe within the murky gloom  
And fraught with menace is the sullen night.

What work, what work, to show to-morrow's sun.  
O, why, poor weakling, why did you not live  
And keep unstained these sands so nearly run?

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, you without! let Fate her verdict give  
What life shall answer for the thing I've done.

## THE DREAMER

My way is this: To rest in the shade  
Deep in the dusk of some whispering glade  
Drowsily happy and satisfied;  
Great are the wonders that grow apace  
Out of the heart of such hallowed place;  
Weird with a theme I may not repeat  
Pipes of Pan lull me with music sweet;  
Few know the path from the highway wide  
To way that is mine, in the shade, aside.

My way is this: Apart from the strife,  
Far from the tumult of clamorous life,  
Courting the comfort the throng denied,  
Having no care when the day is done  
If I shall look on to-morrow's sun;  
Glad in the light of the thing that seems,  
Happy to live in my idle dreams.  
This is no highway the world may ride,  
This way that is mine, in the shade, aside.

THE WANTON.

I planted a rose in the sandy soil of an  
unkept garden bare,  
It fastened its roots down deep in the earth  
and lifted its head in the air,  
It flung its arms to the summer's sky and  
opened its heart to the sun,  
And seductively pressed its lips to the breeze  
in joy of the deed I had done.

Its crimson heart was as red and sweet as the  
lips of a woman I knew,  
And I came to liken the wanton thing to her  
beauty as it grew,  
It would blush and pant in the sun's hot ray  
and tremble with sweet delight  
As the southern wind pressed warm and close  
to its heart in the sultry night.



## THE WANTON.

---

It would quiver and bend as the passionate  
wind pressed close with hot caress,  
And nod and sigh as the bees flew by and  
flirt its scarlet dress,  
I grew to hate its wanton way, despise its  
heart of flame,  
Abhor its maddening sweetness, withheld  
from none who came.

So I crushed its life in my hand one day, in  
passion its roots uptore,  
And panting with shame and anger gazed on  
my unkept ground once more,  
I loudly laughed in savage joy to show the  
world my scorn,  
But pressed my heart with my bleeding hand  
to hide the gash of a thorn.

**A WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.**

A barren road lies parching in the sun ;  
Its drear monotony and tiresome length  
Drag on, and threaten never to have done.

I toil along the rough, uneven way  
With heart depressed, with face tear-stained and  
worn,  
And dread the light of each succeeding day.

One morn, when all but sunk beneath my load,  
My untaught lips essayed a prayer, and lo,  
The light of Calvary shone o'er the road.

No hope but one, the cross. A dream I nursed—  
But that is dead. O God, desert me now,  
Then chaos is, and I'm indeed accursed.

My dream, a weakling's dream, no more shall fret  
My yearning heart. Within the mighty calm  
Of yonder sacred cross, I will forget.

Come, subtle essence of a power divine,  
Cloak all my senses in thy mystery,  
And shield me from all mastery but thine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mankind is weak, O God, the steady light  
Of Thy great presence awes; so keep me firm  
Lest I drift back to sin, and to the night.

My erring heart still pleads and mourns its loss  
In silent anguish. Is there no relief  
For those who kneel and cry beneath the cross?

Just God, forgive! In vain I've tried to slay  
This love within my breast. Take Thou all else  
But give me back my dream of yesterday.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two faces silhouetted in the dawn;  
The woman sits and dreams in sweet content;  
Her prayer is answered, but the cross is gone.

### THE WATER-SPRITE.

All day she lies in a lily's cup,  
But late at night when the moon comes up,  
Away, away o'er the dimpling lake  
To a place she knows in the flow'ring brake  
Where perfumes lift from a tangled wild  
To thrill the soul of the air-born child,  
To overcome with a rare delight  
The ravished sense of the water-sprite.

The spot is ringed with a shaded red  
Of flow'r-cups, blossoming overhead;  
Here waves beat soft on a sanded beach  
With lispings murmur, like childhood's speech;  
On grasses burnt to a sable brown  
She rests as light as a thistle-down,  
And moonbeams lost in the pulseless night  
Are gathered close by the water-sprite.

## THE WATER SPRITE.

---

The warm air steals from the spice-groved South  
To press its kiss on her willing mouth,  
And where but promises late arose  
She now the joy of fulfillment knows;  
With arms flung wide to the perfume warm,  
With wings sunk limp to her melting form  
She yields herself to the sweets of night,  
Those languorous joys of the water-sprite.

IN MEDITATION.

Though all else fade yet may I always keep  
The memory of yesterday; that time  
When words were said that made the pulses  
    leap,  
When good was killed and evil set a-chime,  
And every impulse that was virtue-fed  
Lay prone. 'Twas then I hid the wound from  
    which hope bled,  
And made no outward sign when it was dead.

But I've remembered. 'Twixt my God and me  
There lives a prayer, a fervid, earnest prayer,  
That reaches down through all infinity  
And rests where lesser pleas would fear to dare.  
When He shall give His ultimate decree,  
What will we do, my soul, when He shall say to  
    me,  
"This day I give to thee thine enemy."

SATIETY.

A man and a woman in sad discontent,  
Their hearts dull and heavy, to Cupid's shrine  
    went,  
And knelt at the altar old, faded and worn,  
To pour out the griefs and the wrongs they had  
    borne.

Each went there alone, in contrition and dread,  
Afraid lest the other should see love was dead,  
And shrunk from the scene the denouement  
    would make,  
And tried to evade it for each other's sake;  
They only acknowledged in secret, and shame,  
The truth of the tale of the moth and the flame.

"I'm tired," said the man, "'tis the old, selfsame  
    play,  
The same entre act every night, every day,

The same ceaseless babble, cheap tinsel and gauze,  
The same angry words from the same jealous  
cause,  
The same curtain-raiser, the same curtain call—  
I'd give twenty years to be out of it all."

"I'm tired," said the woman, "I kneel to confess  
I've wavered and struggled in sore heart distress,  
Brought duty to bear on my faltering mind,  
But only ephemeral good could I find,  
And love lies as cold and as dead as a stone—  
I cover the corpse with the hopes I have known."

"I'm tired of it all," said the man with a frown,  
The bar to the holy of holies threw down,  
And stood there aghast in the dim, sacred place  
As he saw in the dusk, silhouetted, a face.  
"You here! For what purpose?" he faltering  
cried,  
"I'm sacking the Temple of Love," she replied,  
"I've torn down the idol, depleted the shrine,  
Despoiled, desecrated this temple of mine;  
The image I thought was pure gold in the past,  
I find is but poor imitation at last."



They parted, and traversed their different ways  
And thought all forgotten in happier days,  
But sometimes unbidden, heart-sick, on the rack,  
The thoughts of the man and the woman go back,  
And tears and regrets and fond memories crowd  
Round a small, broken image with hope for its  
shroud.

A YESTERDAY.

There's a land I know,  
Its beauties lie  
'Neath a tropic sky.  
There the cacti grow;  
There the red-lipped, sun-kissed cacti grow,  
And glow, and glow.

There's a face I know;  
Two red lips set  
Round a cigarette;  
There's a promise low,  
There are raven lashes drooping low  
O'er eyes that glow.

There's a spot I know;  
A face lies white  
In the moon's cold light,  
And the cacti grow—  
And the red-lipped cacti blood-red grow,  
And glint and glow.

**BE KIND.**

---

**BE KIND.**

If you are kind  
Then there will be no need of separate ways,  
No painful gathering where tares upraise  
Through tears that blind.

Thoughts unconfessed  
Although from venom sprung, may harmless fall,  
But all their potent power is past recall  
When once expressed.

And love lies dead  
Sometimes before the heart is yet aware  
That mortal wound has been inflicted there  
By hard things said.

The pulses start,  
And dread alarm through soft emotion creeps,  
As hopeless sorrow o'er contentment sweeps  
To rouse the heart ;

And when it wakes,  
It turns, like one that dreams, from what annoys  
And beats awhile to past, remembered joys—  
Then slowly breaks.

Be kind, be sweet,  
And let our love from such deep source be drawn  
That each shall know the other in that dawn  
Where next we meet.

THE LOVERS' TRYST.

A swift ebb tide, on the eastern side,  
Sweeps in at the Point Del Mar,  
For cycles old have the breakers hissed  
And swept their spray in a circling mist  
O'er a crag that's christened "The Lovers' Tryst."

A wild, bold run that the sea-folk shun,  
Crowned high by decaying walls,  
That, years ago, were a castle old,  
Where dwelt a maid with a heart of gold,  
Who lived, and died, for a brigand bold.

\* \* \* \* \*

The good ship Sue, with her viking crew,  
Set sail at the break of day;  
All night she'd drowsed to a sweet refrain  
Of music, sung by the mighty main,  
Whose pulses throbbed at her anchor-chain.

Her listless crew slept the whole night through,  
And never a man that stirred,  
That is, save one, and he swam to land  
To kiss a beautiful maiden's hand,  
And nurse a love that was contraband.

And now he stood in his plaid and hood,  
And thought of the night gone by :  
He thought of love, and a maiden's bed,  
And a tender look o'er his features spread  
That made a saint's of a pirate's head.

And when his ship, with a flirt and dip,  
Swept close to the castle wall,  
He bared his head as he hove in sight,  
And dipped his flag, in the morning light,  
In sweet salute to a form in white.

"Sing ho, sing ho, my aggressive crew,  
"We'll toast the lass, and the good ship Sue.  
"Both good and steady, and firm and true."  
Right well it be if they prove so, too.

A sentinel's face, from its hiding place,  
Saw Sue dip the brigand flag,  
Then disappeared; in a moment more  
A bugle sounded from off the shore  
That made the echoes with challenge roar.

A call to arms, while the sharp alarms  
Ring quick 'long the castle walls,  
A shot flies swift, o'er the waters blue,  
That's answered, quick, by the Viking crew  
With an old Long Tom and a thirty-two.

Ha, see! A bark leaves the fortress, dark,  
And speeds for the open sea;  
She cuts the foam as she plows along  
In hot pursuit of the pirate throng,  
Who flout her sail with a ribald song.

"Sing ho, sing ho, all my viking crew,  
"And sing again when your song is through,  
"And make the jest that best pleases you."  
'Twill be the same in an hour or two.

The pirate crew would have sworn that Sue  
    Could distance the Falcon bark,  
But big and red in the morning light  
The Falcon's beacon forged in sight,  
And the viking crew prepared for fight.

Sing ho, sing ho, let your song ring true,  
And pipe a note for the Falcon, too,  
The lassie's father commands the crew  
That rides the waves in pursuit of you.

The light of day saw a bloody fray,  
    The deck of the Sue shone red,  
Her monkey-gaff was a gallows-tree  
That swayed and bent 'neath the corpses, three,  
Of pirates, dead as they'll ever be.

The captain stood, in his plaid and hood,  
    And wielded his trusty blade ;  
The ring of dead he had piled knee-high  
At length attracted the searching eye  
Of a man in lace who was tacking by.



"You imp of fire," quoth the irate sire.

"Come measure your sword with me :

"Forsooth, I vow by the Sphinx's head,

"That ere the sun grows a deeper red.

"You'll mark your length on a coral bed."

Then quoth the chief : "By Gilmony's Reef,

"It pains me to cut your throat ;

"But I've a tryst with your daughter, fair,

"Which you would spoil, if you lived, I swear,

"So pray to heaven ere you journey there."

On guard ! On guard ! Now, their breath comes hard,

Now, chances would seem a draw ;

The pirate falls, he is up once more,

He stumbles—slips on the bloody floor—

The other's blade spits his heart's red core.

Then o'er the rail, with a lusty hail,

They toppled the brigand bold ;

A valiant man, and a brave, I vow.

The father cried : "Will you tell me how

"You'll keep your tryst with my daughter now?"

The answering word by the wind was heard,  
But not by the Falcon crew ;  
They sung their songs of the bloody fray,  
They sailed back home to the fortress gray,  
And reached it just at the close of day.

No single star o'er the Point Del Mar  
Hung high in the heavens dark ;  
The beach lay black, but a grewsome sight  
Was shown next day by the morn's rich light—  
A maiden robed in a dress of white.

Sing ho, sing ho, for the good ship Sue,  
Sing ho, sing ho, for her captain, too ;  
He's sung his song, and his song is through.  
A long farewell to the viking crew.

A heart of gold, and a brigand bold ;  
Her arms press his bloody form,  
Her cold, dead eyes meet his glassy stare.  
Her white lips rest on his sea-swept hair.  
Thus ends the tale of this luckless pair.

THE PENALTY.

The song was finished when the maestro said,  
"Dream not of fame nor yet of great success;"  
Then kindly added, when she drooped her head,  
As though reluctant to implant unrest  
Within the calm Arcadia of her breast,  
"Great gifts like yours from heaven alone are sent."  
He saw her hopeful look and sadly smiled;  
"Some day you'll know that fame is only meant  
"To touch the lives that harbor discontent;  
"Success is found through grief and weariness.  
"Be loath to leave the path where pleasure lies;  
"Joy lives an hour, but sorrow never dies;  
"It is the soul of man's dead happiness.  
"Ambition is not born of ecstasy;  
"When you have suffered, then, come back to me."

THE MEDICI'S NEW YEAR.

Ring on, great jangling bells, your discord's  
sweet;

With brazen clanging make the air replete;  
I love the music of your metal throats,  
I feel the triumph throbbing in your notes;  
My heart, a pendulum, keeps rhythmic beat  
To every insolence your tongues repeat.  
You speak to men but of the New Year's birth;  
Of God's good will; of peace upon the earth;  
You speak to me a short, exultant word—  
My sated hatred drowns as 'tis heard—  
You speak of plundered enemies to me,  
Of downfall, and of *my* supremacy.

As silence that too long has passive hung  
Turns venom in the power upon your tongue,  
So has the heart that echoes to your call,  
From too long waiting, turned its blood to gall.

## LOVE'S LAMENT.

---

Your threat'ning sound, portentous, blatant, clear,  
Proclaims a frenzied anger to my ear;  
I laugh—a silent laugh. Your voice to me  
Speaks soothingly of strength, and victory.  
I dream, in sweet content, above the woe  
Of one long hated—a dismantled foe;  
And I repeat when your last note is done,  
I have prevailed 'gainst barriers—and won!

## LOVE'S LAMENT.

Cupid drooped his pinions fair;  
“Why thus change my name?” he queried.  
Answered maiden, debonair,  
In accents wearied:  
“Love, put jealousy away,  
“Though I change your name, don't sorrow;  
“Love is love—though Jack to-day  
“And Joe to-morrow.”

ON LAUREL HILL.

How heedless they on Laurel Hill!

The lark that has lain dumb  
With weight of night within his throat,  
With darkness silencing each note,  
Near bursts his heart with melody  
Now day is come;  
But matin song finds no responsive thrill  
In these, the heedless ones, on Laurel Hill.

On Laurel Hill they love the night

With pale stars overhead,  
For when the earth lies dark and cold  
White tendrils seem to ease their hold  
And give each sleeper freer space  
Within his bed.  
What care these silent ones for dawning light  
That ever fails to reach them in their night?

## MAN'S LOVE.

---

Here's name and fame with moss o'ergrown  
And white stone sinking lower ;  
Each day the city grows apace,  
Each day some trav'ler seeks the place  
And to himself a homestead takes  
To roam no more.  
On Laurel Hill each, housed beneath his stone  
Like surly hermit, guards his hearth, alone.

## MAN'S LOVE.

You say you love me and affirm no hour  
Of dark adversity could blight the flower  
Of this, your fervent passion ; that no deed  
Committed or in embryo would need  
Your absolution ; 'twould forgiven be  
Before 'twas spoken ; that your constancy  
Could never equal find. If you but knew  
The errors of a past I hide from you—  
'Tis as I thought ! You, shrinking, turn from  
me ;  
'Tis not myself you love, but purity.

## THE BRIDGE.

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### THE BRIDGE.

Here passes the world when the day is done ;  
The toiler, released by the coming night,  
The child of misfortune, the rich man's son,  
And shapes that are born with the waning light.  
I loiter again where the discords meet  
And list to the hurry of eager feet  
Which startles, as louder the noises grow,  
The echoes that hide in the dusk below.

No prejudice here ; it receives the great  
And misses them not when at last they pass,  
Departing like those of a lesser state,  
As transient as breath on a looking-glass ;  
It welcomes the king with his pageant, proud,  
Or sanctions revolt of the maddened crowd  
While onward the river in restless throb  
Laps in through its arches with feeble sob.



## MAN'S HERITAGE.

---

Strange shadows flit here when the throng has  
passed,  
Queer wraiths of the quay from the darkness  
sprung,  
Things lost on the course where their life is cast  
That vanish when dawn is with crimson hung;  
These linger, with me, while desire outstrips  
The word that hangs pending on phantom lips,  
And turn, as with hope, as the silence brings  
The theme of the song that the river sings.

## MAN'S HERITAGE.

This thing called Life! What care we take to shield  
Its little hour. We fume and strut about  
Forever watchful lest the light go out  
And save us from some torture that it yield.

Proud heritage! As through an open door  
Man enters, strides in great inconsequence  
And then, protesting, forcibly goes hence,  
An atom, lost, upon an unnamed shore.

THE VOICE OF SILENCE.

Not things we say but those we leave unsaid  
Discover beauty.  
And not by voiced reproof are slack hearts led  
But by some vague, unspoken word, each hears,  
That pleads for duty.

'Tis not the sounds but silences of life  
To which we harken ;  
The wave-beats in the sea of daily strife  
Raise clouds of sound, with silences between  
That light or darken.

Not in effulgence can those joys be found  
That flood the senses,  
They come but when the day kills clangorous sound  
And night, all silent, calms the fevered blood  
And rest dispenses.

We lose the theme where eloquence has burned  
Nor long regret it—  
It was a sound ; but who of man has turned  
To feel the thrill of silent, breathing art  
And can forget it?

When wind-swept storms leave on the shivering  
palm  
Great tears that glisten,  
And rage-rent forces speak within the calm,  
What wondrous words are whispered in the ears  
Of those who listen.

As after passion comes serene repose,  
Calm after flurry,  
So, after life comes silence. Ah, who knows  
How we shall read the music of the void  
To'ard which we hurry?

**SATAN'S TOAST.**

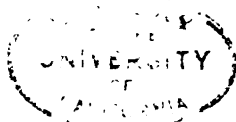
Here's to sins that ye do and ye wish to do ;  
    Here's to promises never kept ;  
Here's to lips that deny with the morning light  
Tender words that they whispered at dead of  
    night ;  
    Here's to hearts that have died unwept.

Here's to pages ye seal when the deeds be done ;  
    Here's to hopes that ye crush and kill ;  
Here's to treacheries hidden in love's caress ;  
Here's to times that ye're silent lest ye confess ;  
    Here's to mem'ries that shame, and thrill.

Here's to lips that breathe love when the heart is  
    dead ;  
    Here's to all that I claim as mine ;  
Here's to ye who repent as the daylight starts  
And succumb to your passions when light departs ;  
    Here's to woman, and love, and wine.

THE BENEDICTION.

Into the night of the world came the word  
    "Let there be light ;"  
Trembled each dormant thing when it had heard,  
    Burst then from countless throats  
    Long-hushed, imprisoned notes,  
    Loosed from the night ;  
Gems that had lusterless lain in the gloom  
Radiant shone as shines faith through the tomb  
    Blessing the sight ;  
    Glory had come  
Breathing its soul into things that were dumb.  
When will the word enter the dark of my empty life.  
    Easing my heart of its useless strife,  
    Sweeping my soul of its bitter night,  
When will be heard, "Let there be light?"



**THE PASSING OF THE TIVOLI.**

When man, grown rebellious, relinquished the right  
To all things reflecting God's spiritual light,  
An angel, in pity, considered the cost,  
And music was left him when Eden was lost.

And so, little Tivoli, this is goodbye ;  
I make it, old friend, 'twixt a laugh and a cry.  
I know by the sigh that will not be repressed  
Another will never hold sway in my breast  
As you have ; no structure of new-fangled grace  
Can blot from my heart this Bohemian place.  
I love your old back-breaking, hard seated chairs,  
Your quaint, little, dark, nestling boxes up-stairs  
Where many a man, under stress of the play,  
Has said foolish things he regretted next day.  
I love your old stage with its fanciful hue  
Of settings, no stage but this queer one ere knew,  
And though your drop-curtain is marvelous, quite,

I haven't the heart of a critic to-night,  
For all the defects you so frankly reveal  
Are lost in the honest regret that I feel.

The Catskills? Why, yes, I have seen them before,  
And old Rip Van Winkle tired, weary, and sore;  
Hush! Hartman is speaking beneath the disguise  
In a way that brings unbidden tears to our eyes.  
A weird and incongruous, hurrying throng,  
Some singing, some tragic, sweeps blindly along;  
Old forms and old faces I view from my stall  
Long since praised or blamed by the Critic of All.  
I hear distant music that stirs in my breast  
A whirlwind of passions, then soothes them to rest;  
For music can cleanse, like a chastening rod,  
And send the starved soul, pleading, back to its God.  
The melody wakes a long slumbering sense  
That dies, ere 'tis born, from its own impotence.

What's this? Shadow-faces grow dim, and the show  
Is not what it was half a minute ago.  
The curtain goes down, and the Tivoli's page  
'Twixt the farce of the world and the farce of the  
stage

### THE PASSING OF THE TIVOLI.

---

Is finished ; comes silence where laughter has dwelt.  
Impatience I may have at other times felt  
Is absent to-night. Old Bohemian place,  
I make my adieux with a sorrowful face.  
Let's walk down your aisle for the last time, and  
try  
To whisper goodnight, and forget 'tis goodbye.



**FOR LOVE OF THE BURDEN.**

Should some bright ray of kindly fortune shine  
To guide me from this long-familiar way  
And fill my cup of gall with sweetest wine—  
Should I be shown the victor's shining crown,  
Yet sadly would I turn me from today  
And with reluctance lay the burden down.

'Tis not possession but pursuit that gives  
The charm to conquest, and in distance lies  
The beck'ning hope of every soul that lives.  
Who turns his face to'ard light that gleams afar  
Feels naught of storms that fret the nearer skies  
And knows no darkness seeing but the star.

Heights gained but furnish leisure to look back  
On mist-enshrouded wrecks that strew the night.  
O, let me strive along the tortuous track,  
The task before me ever to be done;  
O, let me ever know some luring light  
And have some goal forever to be won.

**"A DIOS."**

"A Dios." 'Twas lightly spoken.  
Each heart left the other broken,  
Without guessing that 'twas so;  
Checking tender words that started,  
They, like strangers, coldly parted.  
"A Dios." Each turned to go.

"A Dios." When love came trembling  
Over thirsting lips dissembling,  
Then the words they would have said,  
Quick were killed in jest and laughter;  
But the pain in each heart after,  
Proved Love wounded, but not dead.

"A Dios." Is this the ending,  
This the sun of love descending  
Or the dawn that faintly glows?  
Maybe some bright morning, after  
Love has conquered jest and laughter,  
They will meet again. Who knows?

THE SUICIDE.

What harm should we snuff out this feeble light  
And leave the broken thing in which it burns  
Rayless and shadowless within the night?  
What harm if finally is quenched the spark  
And that which men call spirit never turns  
In resurrection from eternal dark?

The primitive close-threatens with its rote.  
Wherefore we sit enwrapped within our creed  
Lest instinct wake to reason's falt'ring note.  
Could man go back through artificial years  
To ponder symbols held within the seed  
Where then the hope now rainbowed through his  
tears?

What better light can show on troubled way  
Of tired, far-journeying pilgrim, than the thought  
That this were all; that there will dawn no day

## THE SUICIDE.

---

When he shall rise to lessons strange and new,  
When tangled problems shall again be wrought  
And other tear-blotched pages copied through.

Dumb things that come upon the way of death  
Are helped by such crude art as man may boast  
And hastened from the pain of fretful breath;  
But man condemns if man thus leaps the goal.  
Through fear he tortures, where he loves the most,  
Because some night-tale whispers of a soul.

THE PHANTOM.

In heaven's name, what shape art thou,  
With threat'ning glance and beetling brow,  
That comes with bloodshot eye to dart  
A chill of terror through my heart?  
Thy tears turn, dripping, into blood  
That stains thy front with crimson flood.  
Away! I bear thy sight with pain,  
Nor dare to break my peace again.  
"Not so," it cries, "I'll ever stay  
"Beside thee close, each hour, each day,  
"And when the grave shall yawn at last  
"I'll still be near. I am thy Past."

AN EPISODE.

Her eyes met mine ;  
I saw a light, half smold'ring, shine  
Within their dusk.  
I hoped. Cold grew her glances then  
And seemed to speak denial when  
Her eyes met mine.

Had it but seemed  
Or had I in some fever dreamed  
Her eyes spoke love?  
Why tremulous her voice and low,  
Why seek to hide her cheeks' red glow,  
Had it but seemed?

She turned aside.  
'Tis well we're given wit to hide  
The truth within,  
Or else she had to me confessed  
The love she stifled in her breast  
And turned aside.

## HOPE.

---

### HOPE.

Out somewhere from the darkness of the East  
Three travelers come ;  
Content in what they fail to understand  
Each moves across the heat-veiled desert sand  
As though he held a chart within his hand ;  
Their fervor, by each hardship but increased,  
Makes question dumb.

These, strong in forceful trust of some strange  
power  
To guide aright,  
Oft see a vision fill the star-lit wild  
Where shine the features of the Virgin, mild ;  
They kneel in worship to the King, her child,  
And trembling cry, ere comes the natal hour,  
"Behold the light!"

## **HOPE.**

---

Thus, on each barren life there shines some star  
To cheer its night,  
Some force deep sprung from sources that will win  
Hearts back to hope, although there lies within  
But rotting wrecks of glories that have been.  
Thus each soul through the darkness finds afar  
The guiding light.



## THE SIREN.

---

### THE SIREN.

Near a spot where the voice of the whispering  
    pines  
Calls low to the drone of the sea,  
Near the buoy that sways to the turbulent roll  
Of the surf as it sweeps o'er the crag-breasted  
    shoal,  
There's a cabin, a tiny, wee bit of a place  
That drowsily rests in the cliff's warm embrace,  
And the world may not trespass within the con-  
    fines  
Of its poppy-flecked fields and its clustering vines.

There is life in the breath of the salt-laden spray  
That drenches the rocks at its feet,  
There is peace in the song of the sea, gay or grave,  
And a history lies in the froth of each wave.  
And we, of the world, stand aloof, loath to go,  
Forgetting awhile the unrest that we know,

## THE SIREN.

---

Forgetting the power that we bend to obey,  
Till we turn, with regret, to the old beaten way.

Here's the infinite peace we have looked for so long,  
Here is life freed from trammeling care;  
But a voice from afar calls with mystical force  
And the yearning we nourish is sapped at its source;  
We harken no more to the soul's plaintive cry  
But sink back 'neath the spell of the world's Lorelei.  
There's no rest for the heart that has thrilled to the  
    song  
Of the siren that sings in the hum of the throng.

TO MY PIPE.

Come down, old fellow! with shame-bowed head  
I take you up from your dusty bed;  
I feel regret and a just remorse,  
And blame myself and my vapid course,  
That I, the dolt, could have put you by  
For a maiden's wish and a maiden's sigh.

Come down, old fellow! we meet again;  
To-day is not what the day was, when  
I thrust you back in the shadows, dim,  
In deference to a woman's whim.  
No wondrous maid that the world e'er knew  
Could chain a man to her heart like you.

Come down, old fellow! What, friend! think you  
That any one, now, could part us two?  
What fervid kisses from scarlet lips  
Could thrill me thus to my finger tips?  
Dear, brown, old fellow, I bless the sprite  
That gave me freedom, and you, to-night.

THE ROSE.

Light from rubies, caught and held  
In each petal. From its bosom  
Sweet, seductive perfume welled.

Careless, winged a butterfly,  
Passes near the siren's beauty,  
Loiters, trembles—flutters by.

Wheeling on uncertain wing  
Back he flies, now unresisting—  
Back to woo; to love; to cling.

He, replete with love, ne'er guessed,  
Yesterday the bee was fondled  
Close within that scarlet breast,

That to-morrow would be heard,  
Not unwillingly, the pleading  
Of impassioned humming-bird.

## WHAT KING?

What king have we to-day; the one whose blood  
Dark-stained the aspen cross of Calvary  
That man might be regenerate through its flood?

Or build we temples underneath His stars  
For worship of the hour's divinity  
And bend the knee to Plutus, Bel, and Mars?

Each glade an altar hides, each rock a shrine,  
Rare incense swings to Venus, as of old,  
Through cannon's mouth is Odin spake divine.

Great Bacchus still beneath his vine sits crowned  
Dispensing comfort to these followers  
On whom all other oracles have frowned.

Unstable as the gods to whom they pray  
Men kneel, low-bowed; each dawn comes question-  
ing,  
"What king does man go forth to crown to-day?"

THE POPPY.

Once a poppy grew  
(If the tale be true)  
On a hillside bare;  
And two wooers bold  
For her heart of gold  
Fought a battle there.

Now, the Sun and Dew  
Were the good knights true  
Of this fickle one;  
And with lance of light  
Put the Dew to flight,  
Did Sir Knight, the Sun.

Then the victor passed  
With the day, at last,  
To his home and rest,

And the vanquished lay  
In the twilight gray  
On the loved one's breast.

When a new day dawned,  
Though her lovers fawned,  
She was coy and shy  
And she looked far down  
On the distant town  
With a longing eye.

"Could I feel and know  
All its life and show  
'Twould be sweet, in truth."  
Like an answered prayer  
She was carried there  
By a careless youth.

Then the sun went down  
On the hill and town,  
And the poppy sweet,  
Lay all soiled and torn,  
All forgot, forlorn,  
On the crowded street.

### THE POPPY.

---

Then the dew came down  
On the hill and town,  
But the poppy, tossed  
In the swirl and strife  
Of a larger life  
Had been crushed and lost.



LOVE'S SPAN.

The fleecy clouds in the heavens high  
Beneath the light of an opal sky  
    Showed tints of morn ;  
The blush that over the landscape lay  
Spoke tender hopes for a glorious day,  
    When love was born.

The sun's caress woke the slumb'ring glade  
And turned the light to a deeper shade  
    On brook and mound,  
No sign betrayed in the glowing west  
The storm-cloud trembling with dark unrest,  
    When love was crowned.

The world was hushed when the sun went down ;  
It left the sky 'neath its threat'ning frown  
    An angry red,  
And hope went out with the dying light  
As day gave place to a starless night—  
    When love was dead.

**BESIDE THE BIER.**

Poor, cold, dead face; poor lips that weakly part,  
Irresolute, unchanged. The tear-drops start  
And shame the angry sorrow at my heart.

Before they came, before the word was said,  
Before the watchers hovering round your bed  
Were yet aware, I knew that you were dead.

How? How do captives know their chains are gone?  
How know the wounded that the barb's withdrawn?  
How does the darkness know of coming dawn?

You were the millstone of uncertain fate;  
Down, inch by inch, I sunk beneath the weight  
Till I was crushed, despairing, desolate.

I do not blame. If, from eternity,  
You may look back, I hope that it will be  
To learn how much you might have been to me.

THE ROSE OF MONTEREY.

This the story: In a valley  
Steeped within perpetual sunshine,  
In a tropic, sun-kissed valley  
Dwells a dark-eyed senorita:  
Traces still of regal beauty  
Lie upon her aged features.

Long ago the wand'ring sunlight  
In its course o'er dell and river,  
Ling'ring near the land of roses,  
Saw a sad and bitter parting,  
Saw a tender heart grow heavy  
With uncertain premonition,  
Saw bright eyes unused to weeping  
Dimmed with tears they could not master.  
"I will soon return," he whispered,  
"Wait me here, I'll not forget you;  
"Take this pure-white rose and plant it  
"Neath the shadow of your window,

"Let it be the sacred emblem  
"Of the love we hold and cherish ;  
"When you see its first fair blossom,  
"When you smell its sweet, faint perfume  
"I shall be here close beside you,  
"Hold you in my arms and kiss you,  
"Evermore we'll be together."  
With these words he turned and left her,  
Left her to her hopes and longings,  
To her dreams and sweet illusions.

Many years the glowing sunshine  
Has been seen upon the sun dial ;  
Many years the rose has blossomed ;  
Many years its subtle fragrance  
Has been known to summer zephyrs,  
And the dark-eyed senorita  
Tends it—hoping, trusting, waiting.  
But, 'tis said, the waxen petals  
Pure and faultless in their beauty,  
White at first, as any moonbeam,  
Now lie red beneath the sunshine,  
Faultless still, but red as rubies,  
Red as blood that marks the pulse-beat  
In the heart of one forsaken.

IN LOTUS LAND.

Let me live within my dreams;  
The joys I know  
From shadows grow;  
Transient lights from nothing burning  
Back to nothing swift returning;  
Life can hold no happiness like that which seems.

Let me love and then forget;  
Each vintage sip  
With careless lip;  
Drain the cup and then destroy it,  
Hold no memories to cloy it;  
I would have no dark remorse to chill and fret.

Let me keep my altar fires  
Bright with incense from elusive, vague desires—  
Flames well fed;  
Flouting fate, cajoling sorrow,  
Heedless if a sad to-morrow  
Find me dead.

TO JESSICA.

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TO JESSICA.

True to my soul as the steel to the pole  
You have been to me ever.  
    Evil has thrilled me  
    And sorrow has chilled me  
    Grief and regret for a wasted life filled me;  
    You have been near me  
    To comfort, to cheer me,  
Bound firm and fast by a tie none can sever,  
Close to my soul.

When we are dead and the last word is said  
We will still be together.  
    Fear that I'd lose you  
    Has made me abuse you,  
    Sully your life that your God might accuse you;  
    Sin has engrossed you  
    And Heaven has lost you  
That I might have you and hold you forever,  
Living or dead.

WHICH DOES NOT MATTER TO YOU.

A youth swore love for a maiden fair,  
    (Which does not matter to you),  
He placed a rose in her auburn hair  
And laid his head on her shoulder fair  
And promised freedom from every care,  
    (Which does not matter to you.)

And like the tale of a minstrel's rhyme,  
    (Which does not matter to you),  
He left his home for a certain time  
And sought for wealth in a foreign clime  
And found it—owned by a maid sublime,  
    (Which does not matter to you).

And time went on just as time will do,  
    (Which does not matter to you),  
The maiden wept for a day or two  
Because her lover had proved untrue

Then patched her heart with connubial glue,  
(Which does not matter to you).

And after that the report was spread,  
(Which does not matter to you),  
That youth and maid put in earthy bed  
The cold remains of their spouses dead  
And hid a smile with the tears they shed,  
(Which does not matter to you).

Above the graves they had met again,  
(Which does not matter to you),  
They whispered things about "might have  
been"

Which I consider a cardinal sin  
Remembering the place they were talking in,  
(Which does not matter to you).

And then, one day, it was told to me,  
(Which does not matter to you),  
These twain were one; now they both agree  
That "Was" was nearer felicity  
Than "Is," and sigh for the "Used To Be,"  
(Which does not matter to you).



## THE PAST.

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And thus it is with the things we crave,  
    (Which maybe matters to you),  
We fret and worry and toil and slave  
We reach and struggle, and terrors brave,  
Then scorn the object our efforts gave,  
    Which is very much like you.

## THE PAST.

The past? Ah, question not, dear love,  
    Nor jealous be;  
The past was but a time when I  
    Awaited thee.  
Ask not to have the present chilled  
    By retrospect;  
The past was but a rock submerged  
    Where hopes were wrecked.  
The past was but a fretful time  
    In which I grew,  
By sorrow's scourge, a helpful mate  
    And fit for you.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

From the flush of strange beginning beauty  
on the earth has lain,  
Glorified in flaming sunset, fairy-gemmed  
in crystal rain,  
Lessons, rare, of radiant splendor are in wild  
profusion shown  
While we gaze in big-eyed wonder like to  
babes in dumbness grown.

Dormant standing, deep-enamored of the  
spell, with senses swooned,  
Keenly strung to vibrant music only heard  
of hearts attuned,  
Helpless in our deep emotion, speechless  
where we would reveal,  
Vain the fettered tongue endeavors to por-  
tray the thing we feel.

Frail we are in understanding when our  
    sleeping souls awake,  
Conscious of but futile effort through the  
    halting flights we take.  
Masterful the changing story told in yellow  
    leaf and sear,  
Wondrous is the swelling anthem known to  
    him who will but hear.

Call him sculptor who in marble clothes the  
    song his heart has heard,  
Call him poet who from Nature has pre-  
    served one throbbing word,  
Each attempts to paint the glory of the thing  
    as it is shown  
But he ever mars the picture by crude touches  
    of his own.

TO TOMBSTONE II.

(THE PRESS CLUB'S CAT.)

Thy gaze, transfixed, disdains my presence, small,  
And lingers on creations of thine own ;  
The twitching of thy lip betrays the strange  
And startling wonders of thy retrospect.  
Perchance these walls give place to jungle briars,  
And curious gapers turn to hunted prey ?  
Perchance within thy reminiscent brain  
Lurk dreams of summer nights when stealthy forms  
Cast undulating shadows 'neath the moon ?  
I think 'tis so ; despite thy stolid mien,  
A sudden light burns green within thine eyes,  
Ferocious hate leaps high as thought recalls  
How mortal cunning wrought thine impotence.  
By means unworthy living thing, save man,  
They have thee caged, and harmless, by a trick.  
They took thy body captive, but thy pride  
Remains thine own, and clothes thy haughty form  
In solemn garb of peerless majesty.  
I gaze at thee and feel my littleness,  
And slink away, ashamed that man presumes  
From his conceit, to call himself thy lord.

## DREAMS.

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### DREAMS.

Lips there are that crave the touch of lips  
they may not press,  
That laugh above the heart's dead weight of  
hopeless weariness,  
That sometimes paler grow beneath the  
starved soul's futile cry  
And tremble with the fervor of desires that  
will not die.

Hands, there are, press other hands but love's  
wild thrill is dead,  
Lips speak to lips but hearts no more are  
reached by what is said,  
There come fleet dreams, like transient mist,  
of joys that fate withholds,  
And longings of such bitter pain that hope-  
lessness consoles.

## RETROSPECTUS.

---

No rose so red but fragrance from one redder  
    blows afar,  
No night so fair but that another shows a  
    brighter star,  
Old wines we crave but old love sometimes  
    fails the one athirst;  
No virtue breathes in constancy when  
    vagrant dreams are nursed.

## RETROSPECTUS.

Live not in musty retrospect, but try  
To find the rift within the clouded sky,  
And let the cold, dead past in shadow lie—  
    Lot's wife looked back.  
Come, pour libations, bid the minstrel play,  
To-day shall question not of yesterday,  
To-morrow shall know nothing of to-day.

## WHO PAYS?

---

### WHO PAYS?

Who is it that pays  
For the words that are uttered in careless jest,  
For the vows that are soon forgotten,  
For happiness stirring the vagrant breast,  
For the slight of the lips that were once caressed,  
For the unfulfilled hopes and the sad delays?  
Some one pays!

Who is it that pays  
For the faith that is held at the joyous start  
Of a love that is quickly ended?  
Who dreams that the debt of a truant heart  
Will not have to be met, in its smallest part,  
Will but find that whenever the piper plays  
Some one pays.

Who is it that pays  
For the glitter and sparkle of Vanity Fair,

## WHO PAYS?

---

For the pomp and the vulgar showing?  
One half of the world must their muscles bare  
That a few of the favored may feel no care—  
For their languorous nights and their useless days,  
Some one pays.

Who is it that pays  
When the 'frighted hills echo a battle cry  
And strange dew on the grass is shining?  
A trumpet of death is a monarch's sigh,  
But new subjects are born while the old ones die.  
Be it he who is slain or the one who slays  
Some one pays.



## RECOMPENSE.

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### RECOMPENSE.

Before me dead you lie ; your still, white face,  
Impassive neath my glance,  
Lies strangely patient in its resting place,  
Nor marks the night's advance.

Alone, we two ; no ling'ring pulse-throbs start  
Or quiver at my touch.  
I could not hold such hate within my heart  
Had I not loved so much.

I'd gladly die could I but break your rest  
And bring you back to men,  
That I might plunge this dagger in your breast  
And watch you die again.

A PARADOX.

---

A PARADOX.

Had you listened when I pleaded,  
Had you paused or hesitated  
Or one wish of mine conceded,  
Had a wave of weakness crossed you—  
Had you yielded—I had lost you.

Yours was not an easy trial;  
Evermore I'll hold you dearer  
For your words of proud denial;  
Had your duty less engrossed you,  
You were mine and I had lost you.

In the dead and sodden embers  
Where lie passions long forgotten,  
Such a love a man remembers.  
'Mid the ruins lying scattered  
Stands one idol still unshattered.



**A SPANISH SERENADE.**

Come to thy casement, love, let me behold thee ;  
Night will be sweeter, far, if thou but linger near.  
Soft sings the nightingale, sings near thy window,  
Telling his mate of love, passionate, sincere.  
Queen of my life, let me repeat his story,  
Close not thy heart, O, do not turn away,  
Bid me but hope, 'twill fill the night with glory ;  
Be thou my queen, let me, thy slave, obey.

Love is an ember that we should keep glowing ;  
Do not destroy the spark from which the flame is  
    fed,  
For naught shall give it life once it has perished,  
E'en lips like thine cannot revive it when 'tis dead.  
Then fill the time with joys for which I'm sighing ;  
Close in thine arms my exile I'd forget,  
Give me thy lips, no sweets they hold denying,  
Lest in some sad to-morrow we regret.

## LOVE'S ENEMY.

---

There's not a flower but knows the love I cherish,  
There's not a breeze but whispers, dear, of thee,  
Come, pluck the rose of life, now, ere it perish;  
Share thou its rich perfume, this night, with me.

## LOVE'S ENEMY.

"Invulner'ble my armor is,"  
Dan Cupid proudly said;  
Doubt heard, quick loosed a poisoned dart  
And little Love fell dead.

**"GIVE! GIVE!"**

The cry of need, and the cry of greed,  
Is the cry that is heard afar,  
Is the cry that has run since the world was begun  
From the ether-rimmed earth to the governing sun  
And has trembled from star to star;  
The unequal strife in the struggle for life  
Has embittered the upright soul,  
And the god of the purse is the god that we curse,  
While we bow to him, hip and jowl.

This cry is hurled round a purse-proud world,  
Nor is hushed by the helping hand.  
Who relieves those in need for the love of the deed  
Coaxes censure like that for a singular creed  
We come never to understand. ,  
The cry that will live is the fierce cry of "Give!"  
Hear the multiple echoes roll!

GIVE! GIVE!

---

Though the god of the purse is the god that we  
curse,  
Yet we bow to him, hip and jowl.

This cry upraised to the god that's praised  
Is unchecked by the touch of death,  
And the soft word that slips through the child's  
coaxing lips  
Is the word that is voiced by the wanton who strips  
With the blight of her vampire breath.  
The loves that we know and the follies we show  
Are forgiven, if full the bowl;  
Though the god of the purse is the god that we  
curse,  
Yet we bow to him, hip and jowl.

WHEN PASSES THE FLAME.

Today you are most kind,  
But kindness, now, seems only anger's cloak;  
Your looks are gentle yet I fail to find  
That joy they once awoke.

Today you clasp my hand  
And speak soft nothings in my passive ear;  
I listen but I do not understand;  
My heart has failed to hear.

True love will not abide  
Where inclination has to custom grown,  
And now when thus you linger at my side  
I am as one alone.

The ember, lying gray,  
May be revived although its flame be sped,  
But who of mortal man can find the way  
To fire the spark that's dead?

**ON THE LITTLE SANDY.**

Just within the mystic border of Ken-  
tucky's blue grass region  
There's a silver strip of river lying idly in  
the sun,  
On its banks are beds of fragrance where the  
butterflies are legion  
And the moonbeams frame its glory when  
the summer day is done.

There's a little, rose-wreathed cottage nest-  
ling close upon its border  
Where a tangled mass of blossoms half con-  
ceals an open door,  
There's a sweet, narcotic perfume from a  
garden's wild disorder,  
And the jealous poppies cluster where its  
kisses thrill the shore.

From across its dimpled bosom comes the  
half-hushed, careful calling



Of a whippoorwill whose lonely heart is  
    longing for his mate,  
And the sun aslant the sleepy eyes of fox-  
    gloves gently falling  
Tells the fisherman out yonder that the hour  
    is growing late.

From the branches of the poplars a spas-  
    modic, sleepy twitter  
Comes, 'twould seem, in careless answer to  
    the pleading of a song,  
And perhaps the tiny bosom holds despair  
    that's very bitter  
For his notes are soon unheeded by the little  
    feathered throng.

Then the twilight settling denser shows a  
    rushlight dimly burning—  
Ah, how well I know the landing drowsing  
    'neath its feeble beams,  
And my homesick heart to mem'ries of the  
    yesterday is turning  
While I linger here, forgotten, with no solace  
    but my dreams.

IF YOU HAD KNOWN.

If you had known  
That 'neath my glance indifferent, the seeds  
Of love were sown,  
Would you so brief have held  
My proffered hand  
Within your own?

If you had guessed  
The thrill of passion that your touch awoke,  
Would you have pressed  
My hand in careless mood,  
Or clasped me close  
Unto your breast?

THE BURDEN.

Within the temple purple windows threw  
Their solemn light athwart the silent aisles,  
And length'ning shadows into twilight grew;  
Still Zarick knelt, unwilling to depart,  
So heavy was the sorrow at his heart.

"Great Oracle," he cried, "behold my grief,  
"I sink beneath the burden of my life;  
"O, guide me to some haven of relief.  
"No man of woman born can know the stress  
"That I endure from utter wretchedness."

"Go search the world," a solemn voice replied,  
"And give thy life in full exchange for one  
"That thou may'st choose; thou shalt not be denied."  
In fervent thanks he lifted up his voice,  
And joyfully went forth to make his choice.

## THE BURDEN.

---

The Eastern sun full many seasons rolled  
Across the spice-breathed air of Orient shores ;  
Full many months the temple bells were tolled,  
Yet Zarick came not ; then, one solemn night  
An old man knelt beneath the altar light.

“Great One,” he said, “I’ve searched through hut  
and hall,  
“And found no man untouched by sorrow’s breath ;  
“My burden was the lightest of them all ;  
“No space o’erlooked, no road but I have trod  
“And all have suffered, all have kissed the rod.”

JOHN BRADFORD'S PRAYER.

John Bradford stood at the entrance gate of  
a jail in Ludlow Square;  
He saw a man led forth to die, and he offered  
up a prayer.

He offered up, for himself, a prayer, as but  
pious people can  
Who follow rules of the cloth and creed, did  
this conscientious man.

He offered up for himself a prayer 'neath the  
archway drear and dim,  
And thanked the Lord that another man was  
to die instead of him.

He used the harassing circumstance of the  
checkered life near run  
To call to notice his godliness, and to draw  
comparison.

JOHN BRADFORD'S PRAYER.

---

He laid the list of his Christian deeds in the  
Master-Hand on high,  
But not a word was there said for him who  
was going forth to die.

He prayed so much of his own affairs, and  
they took so long to tell,  
The hangman's key to the great unknown  
set ajar the gates of hell.

And thus a soul sped its way unchecked by  
an interceding prayer,  
While Bradford muttered his mummary, to  
his God, in Ludlow Square.

**LOVE'S FALLACIES.**

It is not in the glare of the noonday glare  
That the red of the wine invites;  
We must borrow the grace of the time and place  
To give color to soft delights.

It is not in the heat of the crowded street  
That we seek for the shaded pool,  
We would travel in vain o'er the burning plain  
For the gush of the fountain cool.

Eyes that seem to us bright by the candle's light  
May but commonplace be and dim,  
And the lips we think red have their beauty sped  
When removed from the glass's rim.

Though we know that the smile which we hold  
awhile  
Is but dross of a base alloy,

### MY PLEA.

---

Yet we marry false sighs to unblushing lies  
And then christen the offspring "Joy."

But, O, never believe that we once deceive  
Or once satisfy, e'en in part  
By the shadows that pass with the empty glass,  
The deep call of the yearning heart.

### MY PLEA.

When God's good angel sadly questions me  
As to my fitness for eternity,  
I'll say you loved me, and when that is done  
My sins will be forgiven, and heaven won.



## A PICTURE.

---

### A PICTURE.

Gray the sky ; the earth was gray ;  
Smoke from sacrificial altar,  
Darkly heavy, trailed away.

Near the shrine a woman stood,  
And, as incense to Ambition,  
Burned the wealth of womanhood.

Desolate to heart and eye ;  
Not a trace of color trembled  
'Neath the grayness of the sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

Near the work the artist stood.  
"What is this?" at last I ask her,  
"Why portray such solemn mood?"

Stilling then an inward strife,  
With dispassion born of patience,  
"This," she answers, "is my life."

A PICTURE.

---

In my glance deep passion glows,  
And upon the sacred altar  
Quick I paint a scarlet rose.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long the rose of scarlet lay  
On the altar of Ambition,  
Flushing red the sky of gray.

Tired, one day, and callous grown,  
She, with brush annihilating,  
Gave Ambition back its own.

But the cruel hand, 'tis said  
Hesitating in its firmness,  
Left behind a blush of red.

THE ROAD OF A GREAT DESIRE.

There are bridges, once crossed, that 'twere wise  
to burn

On the road of A Great Desire,  
There are havens of rest that 'twere well to spurn,  
There's the touch of a hand we may not return;  
Place all longings, save one, on Ambition's pyre  
Ye who travel the road of A Great Desire.

There are faces so young and with hearts so old  
On the road of A Great Desire,  
In their eyes lie the shadows of hopes untold;  
Though the pulses beat swift yet the blood is cold,  
For they know but the lust of Ambition's fire  
They that travel the way of A Great Desire.

There's a shrine bathed in warmth of the world's  
caress  
On the road of A Great Desire,

### LOVE'S RECOMPENSE.

---

It is reached through the valley of Weariness  
And the god of the temple is called Success;  
Lay the dreams you have known on its altar fire  
Ye who've traveled the way of A Great Desire.

### LOVE'S RECOMPENSE.

The angry billows lash the seam-marked face  
Of yonder whitening, bleak, sea-girdled rock;  
A thousand storms have swept its rugged form;  
It stands impervious to stress and shock.

No jagged hurt that ever scarred its sides  
But seemed a privilege, made doubly blest,  
Were it endured to shield the cherished life  
Of that frail lichen clinging to its breast.

TO MY BOOKS.

Old friends, your pardon. I am come again  
Back from the social littleness of men  
Contrite and deeply shamed that I was lured,  
And roundly punished by the pain endured.

From out some vanity of mine it grew,  
Dread wastes of empty words I've floundered  
through,  
Deceived in false supports at which I caught,  
To sink at last 'neath seas of vacuous thought.

If mental suffering can shrive the sin  
Of seeking social paths to wander in  
Then I was blameless scarce the way was won  
And stood forgiv'n, with every penance done.

How peaceful here: You stand in silent row  
Reflecting back the firelight's genial glow

TO MY BOOKS.

---

In wealth of welcome you so well express  
Which not to feel would be to love you less.

No more, old friends. I know man tends to good  
'Neath mem'ry of fresh sufferings withstood,  
And scarce I blame you that you wink and leer  
At one who sought the world when you were near.

**LOVE'S VICTORY.**

"I want you to hold me and prize me again,  
"Why spurn me now?" Love cried.  
"I go to lay siege to the Castle of Fame,  
"Where you may not abide."

With sweet, curly head bowed in petulant grief,  
With bright eyes filling fast,  
He saucily said, "Though you send me away,  
I'll victor be, at last."

One day, from the heights of the Castle I gazed  
O'er hopes that used to be,  
O'er years that were dead; then my heavy heart  
said,  
"Give Love the victory."

## A CAROL.

---

### A CAROL.

Sing, thou, with all thy harmony of voice,  
Let not one throat be dumb,  
Lift up thy drooping spirit and rejoice  
For lo, the King is come!

Lay all thy motives bare; beneath the sun  
His scepter is thy deeds,  
And every kind and generous action done  
His throne from which He pleads.

There's joy in every theme, though sadly shown;  
Man's pity did but gloss  
That greatest ecstasy the world has known,  
The sorrow of the cross.

From world to world stirred pulses that were still,  
Where suns had ceased to shine;



All chaos was, 'neath that melodious thrill,  
Made cosmic and divine.

No distant space that failed to understand  
This passion of the Lord,  
Futurity was circled by His hand  
In one great master-chord.

Sing! Sing! Through all the morning of thy life,  
And sing to greet its night;  
He finds the harmony within the strife  
Who reads life's score aright.

Learn from the cognate universe thy song;  
Thrice blessed he who hears  
And understands the cadence that has long  
Swung rhythmic round the spheres.

## THE VOYAGERS.

With oars at rest, content to drift, and dream,  
Responsive swinging where each current sets,  
One idles down the bosom of the stream  
With will of waves no issue to dispute,  
With helm long dropped from hands irresolute.

Another craft upon the river rides,  
Fast sweeping on beneath each steady stroke,  
With helm hard set against the changing tides ;  
It braves the tortured night, the wind-swept day,  
Forever keeping on its charted way.

To float among the lilies near the shore,  
And build brave plans to reach the harbor lights  
Should danger threaten in the tempest's roar,  
No broken oars, no muscles strained and tired,  
Ah, surely this were way to be desired.

## IN RETROSPECTION.

---

A cloud o'ershades the red, low-drooping sun.  
Of him who bared his strong arms to the work  
The storm-gods tell that port was bravely won.  
Of him who dreamed and drifted? Ask the night  
Where now the mast that held his puny light.

## IN RETROSPECTION.

Could I turn back all the leaves of life,  
Correct the blunders and soothe the strife;  
Could I blot out every dark deed done,  
Make good each triumph unjustly won;  
Could I live free from the faults of men,  
I would not. Living my life again,  
I'd do each deed as I did it then.  
This life were surely a tiresome page  
If man, arriving at sour old age,  
Have nothing braver to grace his bier  
Than a prudent life and a just career.

DON'T WORRY.

Though not one of your fanciful schemes comes to  
light,

Don't you worry ;

You have had the fond pleasure of thinking they  
might,

So don't worry.

Though the page is all blotted and thumb-marked  
and torn,

There's a God up above who has seen what you've  
borne,

And who tempers the wind to the lamb that is  
shorn,

So don't worry.

Though the bauble you longed for looks cheap in  
your hand,

Don't you worry ;

DON'T WORRY.

---

Though you sink where you thought it was all  
solid land,

Don't you worry.

Like the baby, you see the sun's glint on the wall,  
And you struggle to clasp it—you stumble, and fall;  
Then you find you have gathered a shadow—that's  
all—

But don't worry.

Though the play is played out and the curtain's rung  
down,

Don't you worry;

Though the features of life wear a turbulent frown,

Don't you worry.

Though the other man wins, and you lose, in the  
race,

Don't you let the world know; put a smile on your  
face;

There are always your pistols up there in their case.

So don't worry.

THE PESSIMIST.

There is no rose on the broad, bleak earth  
Worth the labor put forth to raise it;  
No scarlet mouth, framed in dimpling mirth,  
Worth the breath that it takes to praise it.

There is no song like the one that's heard  
In the time of a life's beginning;  
No woman's love worth the empty word  
That we waste in its useless winning.

There is no day with its sordid strife  
Worth the serious thought we give it,  
No passing hour in a careless life  
Worth the trouble it takes to live it.

Yet pluck the rose while you chance to live,  
Hold your pleasures as you may find them,  
Forget, in joys that those red lips give,  
The grin of the skull behind them.

## TO-DAY'S ROYALIST

I'd like to have lived in the time of Queen Bess,  
When duels and battles were rife,  
When swords were the popular form of redress,  
And insults were paid for with life;  
I'd like to have lived when the commoner dwelt  
Apart, in a world of his own;  
Have died ere the time that he voiced what he felt  
And placed his own spawn on the throne.

I'd like to have felt the self-satisfied thrill  
Unlimited power can afford;  
I'd like to have lived when a gentleman's will  
Was urged at the point of his sword,  
Instead of to-day when "Equality's" rule  
Puts "Rights" in the mouths of the clan,  
When works of the sage can be jeered by the fool,  
When master's no better than man.

I'd like to have lived when the ermine embraced  
None other than royalty's form ;  
I'd like to have lived before caste was effaced  
Beneath the mob's leveling storm ;  
I'd like to have lived when the form of restraint  
Held commonwealth under the man,  
And felt what it was to be free from the taint  
Of "Liberty's" plebiscite ban.



## WOMAN.

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## WOMAN.

Believe that yonder stony-hearted shore  
Will spare the ship blown thither by the gale;  
Believe there's mildness in the ocean's roar  
And gentleness within the tempest's wail;  
Believe that tigers, thirsting after blood,  
Belie their stripes and let their victims go,  
But ne'er believe when comes misfortune's flood  
That woman will to woman mercy show.

Wolves fraternize when bent upon attack,  
Their hunting cry holds no discordant note,  
They face a common danger, back to back  
Then, true to nature, tear each other's throat;  
And not alone on heath and wooded strip  
Does this, the law of fang, aggressive loom;  
Wolves, wrapped in velvet, rend with thirsting lip  
And wage their wars in every drawing-room.

## WOMAN.

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To breed dissension is in woman born;  
But some this primal instinct turn aside,  
Affecting charms more suited to adorn  
And 'neath conceits true inclinations hide.  
To seem the thing she's not is woman's care,  
No soul of them from this may stand exempt,  
And none to be her own true self may dare  
Lest she be named an object of contempt.

Debarred by nature from those rough pursuits  
That outlets are to savagery, each turns  
To rend the other, recking not the fruits  
Of slander and the consequence it earns.  
O, sooner will be found the drop of rain  
When once 'tis lost within the river's flow,  
O, sooner shall the hilltop kiss the plain  
Than woman shall to woman mercy show.

THE GRANDEST THING.

When hope was young and my blood ran rife,  
When homage sweetened the cup of life  
    And pride was a flame well fed,  
They asked me what was the grandest thing  
That life could hold or a fortune bring;  
As quick as flashes a swallow's wing  
    “To conquer men,” I said.

But now the pale of the after-glow  
Reflects the chastening years of woe,  
    Endurance bows my head;  
“Come, tell us now, for we ask again,  
The grandest, holiest task of men,”  
Submission prompting where pride had been—  
    “To conquer self,” I said.

## THE PUNISHMENT.

Ben Omi stood, with drooping head,  
To hear the final judgment read  
By him who kept the record;  
The accusations 'neath his name  
Recounted deeds for serious blame—  
A thumb-marked page and checkered.

"Your sins are great," the angel cried,  
"I know of none who ever died  
"So quite unfit for glory;  
"No punishment that e'er was writ  
"Could shrive your soul and make it fit  
"For even purgatory.

"And yet—methinks I'll improvise  
"And name a penalty, unwise,  
"But most intensely human;  
" 'Tis this: Go back to earth and men,  
"Resume the flesh, be born again,  
"And be, this time, a woman!"

THE PRAYER.

Lord, God, hear Thou a suppliant. Abject,  
All crimson-stained, I cringe, lest Thou, in wrath  
At my presumption, raise Thy mighty hand  
And crush the worm that dares to lift its head  
In quiv'ring fear to Thine omnipotence.  
The years Thou gav'st I've drunk like honeyed wine,  
In eager grasp to burning lips and heart  
I've pressed the sweets of life, and drained the  
dregs

Of every worldly pleasure. Lord, I dare—  
Yea, I! a lep'rous thing—the crawling things  
Of earth of which art 'shamed—I, dare to come  
Before Thy face.

Lord, God, hear Thou a suppliant. Outcast,  
World-weary, broken hearted, losing all  
I turn to Thee. . . .

What's this I've dared to say?

## THE PRAYER.

---

Great One, be blind and deaf, that I may snatch  
This blasphemy from out the Great Beyond  
And plunge it back within my withered heart  
To mock its human selfishness. I turn,  
A thing all foul within, unfit for hell,  
A pigmy that infects Thy universe,  
I turn to Thee when all is lost—Just God!  
I wonder Thou hast spared so vile a thing  
To soil Thy name.

Emblazon all my sins; none can there be  
To equal this most human infamy.

When once again a suppliant I come,  
'Twill be to ask if any good deed done  
Can blot from out the angel's record-page  
This prayer. Amen.

**OF THE NANCY PRYNE.**

Under the deck of the Nancy Pryne  
The captain sits with his flask of wine,  
A pirate bold and a pirate true  
With a dirk and a sword that would do for you  
A great deal more than you'd want it to.

He drinks a toast to the surging brine,  
This captain bold of the Nancy Pryne,  
Nor hears the shock of the wind and rain.  
"I buried him deep," comes the loud refrain  
Of the song he sings in a minor strain.

The captain drowns above his wine  
Nor feels the lash of the stinging brine;  
The wind moans low in the tortured dark  
And the struggle ends for the straining bark  
In a bit of wreck and some corpses stark.

This story's trite but the fault's not mine,  
'Tis all that's known of the Nancy Pryne;  
Next morn the song of the sun-kissed main  
Called forth the gulls that had sheltered lain;  
"I buried him deep," was its low refrain.



BLINDNESS.

From sire to sire for such long cheerless time  
Have we accepted tears as heritage,  
And dol'rous droned through lengths of ancient  
rhyme

With ceaseless sorrow for unchanging theme,  
That life has come to be a weary page  
And joy the phantasm of a fevered dream.

So long have wrappings of unyielding gloom  
Close-swathed the heart, that we resent the word  
Which pleads for happiness this side the tomb.  
For us no note of earth must vibrant rise;  
For us the nearer music to be heard  
Is lost in seeking that of distant skies.

We call him pagan who in gladness strips  
From glowing truth the dull, dogmatic sheath,  
And kisses pleasure full upon the lips;

We call him Christian who embraces care,  
Who hunts the thorns to weave in crowning  
wreath—  
For heaven more fit if girded by despair.

We leave the brilliant substance for the wraith,  
And deem him sainted by conjoint acclaim  
Who wears a smileless face in show of faith.  
Like mewling children, of the dark afraid,  
We cling to crude supports, abstruse and lame,  
And keep to doleful covenants, self-made.

When will the sons of men, as one agreed,  
Consent to read the word that shines above  
Unbound by dwarfing hindrances of creed?  
When will the fallacies to which we cling  
Be merged in one great universal love?  
When will we say "The Father," not "The King?"

THE AWAKENING.

I loved a man; the image fair  
Of all the good the world contained  
I pictured him. From out my heart  
The essence of a love divine  
I poured upon my rose-decked god,  
And sin by sin I sacrificed  
Myself upon his altar.  
One day impoverished, abashed  
Before my idol's face I stood,  
And whispered low that all I had  
To give was given: My woman's heart  
Beat gently sweet, I raised my eyes,  
And lo! upon that perfect brow  
Satiety sat wearily.

**AN OLD LETTER CASE.**

On your surface, old and tattered,  
Rest small cupids, ink-bespattered,  
Clasp is gone and lock is shattered.

Faintly, as I lift the cover,  
Perfume seems to rise and hover  
Close, like words of some old lover.

Tired, or fearful of derision,  
Here a hand has, with precision,  
Struck a name from curious vision.

Had you voice would words be teeming  
Of a love that proved but seeming,  
Idle hope and foolish dreaming?

Old the story, old the sorrow,  
Nothing new of love we borrow,  
True to-day and false to-morrow.

Quaint old box, how reads your story?  
Fancies crowd, and tinge with glory  
Life that was ere you grew hoary.

Leather worn and satin tattered,  
Cupids, roses, ink-bespattered—  
Like your owner's dreams—all shattered.

COMPANIONS.

We two; with no rival to come between  
To the death of your ruddy fire;  
I have you and my book and an easy chair,  
And the pictures you paint for me over there;  
And no maid that ever the world has seen  
Can mar the peace that we share, I ween;  
Myself, and my old black brier.

What secrets we have and what hopes divide  
And what sprites of the past invoke!  
There are shades of forgotten and dead desire,  
There are lips that e'en rival your scarlet fire,  
And the coal that presses your blackened side  
Seems not more real than the forms that glide  
Through haze of your curling smoke.

We two; with a book and an easy chair  
And the cheer of a glowing fire!

### COMPANIONS.

---

With the peace of your comradeship all about,  
With the noise and the stress of the world shut out,  
We can scoff at sorrow and smile at care  
And dream of deeds that the bravest dare ;  
    Myself, and my old black brier.

**I THANK THEE.**

---

**I THANK THEE.**

For fortitude to turn harsh words aside;  
For force of will to humble stubborn pride;  
For strength of heart to bear the biting scorn  
And arrogance of one beneath me born;  
For power to hide the hate within my breast;  
For outward calm to mask a mind distressed;  
For dogged patience to abide the time  
When I could claim revenge as wholly mine.  
Yes, gratefully, I render thanks to Thee  
For power, at last, to crush my enemy.



TO MANUELA.

Mañana? No. The light that's speaking  
In your eyes  
Is the answer I am seeking.

Mañana? Talisman for sorrow,  
Not for love;  
Love may die before to-morrow.

And when 'tis dead we may deride it—  
Who shall know?—  
Laugh when we should weep beside it.

Mañana? No. Ahora; cherished,  
Lotus-breathed,  
Lived, before 'tis past and perished.

THE LIFE OF YESTERDAY.

What is the use of the toil and striving  
And what will matter the tear and smile,  
The well laid plan and the deep contriving,  
When lost in the dusk of the after-while?

Why fret the flesh with an unhealed sorrow?  
The world wants laughter, it shares no grief,  
Why slight to-day for a vague to-morrow  
That shadows all hope for the soul's relief?

Sweet were the faith to believe and cherish  
This life a spark strayed from parent flame,  
To hold no fear that its light will perish—  
Instead of the darkness, the unknown name.

Saddest of all is to know, at parting,  
The grief is mine, that the world holds none,  
To know the blush of the dawn's faint starting  
Will shed its red glory on all—save one.

THE LIFE OF YESTERDAY.

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If there be friend who shall mourn my going,  
Though grieved my loss in a single breath,  
'Twill send a thrill through my poor clay glowing  
And out of the grave snatch the chill of death.

**THE NEW YEAR BELL.**

Within the music of the New Year Bell,  
I hear a note of triumph rise and swell;  
I hear its rhythmic harmony repeat  
The laughter of a maiden true and sweet;  
Attending close upon the vibrant air  
Comes quivering discord of a past despair;  
Then, lightly leaping from its metal throat,  
The arbitrary schoolboy's careless note;  
With trembling pathos, an adagio slow,  
Deep-voiced and solemn, tells a mother's woe.  
The chimes ring soft, in ecstasy divine,  
I feel a baby's fingers close in mine;  
Then, sweet and clear a cadence speeds along  
That brings to mind a singer—and a song.  
I hide my foolish tears as memories swell  
In true accord with music of the bell.

LOVE'S REIGN.

Poor, halting thing that creeps a little way  
Low-bowed beneath its burden of neglect;  
It clasps the broken hopes of yesterday  
And trails dead flowers with which its form was  
    decked.

Tear-marked the face that lifts with pleading eyes,  
The lips beg tol'rance of their latest breath;  
Impatiently we bear reproachful sighs  
And chafe beneath its sickening and its death.

Dry-eyed we look, at last, on pallid lip,  
Relieved, yet half ashamed that pulses sing,  
And while the new-crushed vintages we sip  
Cry out, "The King is dead; long live the King."

WITH NATURE.

O, give me the breath of the ocean foam  
Ere the force of the storm be spent ;  
O, give me the width of the world to roam,  
The halt for the night as my only home,  
With my way forever the path apart  
From the haunts mapped out on the toiler's chart.  
To me from the silence is ever lent  
Companionship, when I spread my tent  
In the calm of the desert's heart.

O, give me the shades of the morning sky  
That reburnish the slopes and rills,  
O, give me the tints where the shadows lie  
Soft-rocked in the sway of the zephyr's sigh  
And I'll crave no boon from the artist's hand  
Though his kindling fame by the world be fanned.  
The glow of the dawn that the heaven fills,  
The quiv'ring light on the sleeping hills  
Are the things that I understand.

## THE POLE-SEEKERS.

From east to north, as the petrels fly,  
A snow-squall whips through a frozen sky,  
Beneath the swirl of its widening track  
The sea curls up like a dolphin's back,  
'Twixt lift and fall of the seething gale  
White shines the sheet of a ghostly sail.

O'er sodden decks in a chilling flood  
Sharp bites the tooth of the flying scud,  
The crew stands firm though the plowing keel  
Brooks no restraint from the steering-wheel;  
Each man so still that the driving sleet  
Enwraps his form like a winding-sheet.

The vessel swerves with a dip and start  
And sets its course by the captain's chart,  
If mate and crew mark the swift advance  
They give no sign by word or glance.

From rolling seas to a widening slough  
The ship drives on with her silent crew.

The storm is ceased and the sun-dogs show  
In purpling lights o'er the crusted snow ;  
The wind that whipped through this land of death  
'Twould seem had blown with a Lethean breath,  
For if hours have passed, or if days have sped,  
No soul on board could have truly said.

Ethereal blue at the bow and stern  
That spreads o'erhead an inverted urn,  
And in the rim of its arching bowl  
The mystic swing of the heavens roll.  
The needle swerves in a circling ring  
And the world is hushed while the planets sing.

The captain bends o'er his chart and book  
Nor heeds the scene by a transient look.  
Arouse thee, man, for thy work is done,  
The bar is past and the goal is won!  
But he makes no sign if his dull eyes see,  
He is done with earth and its mockery.

\* \* \* \* \*



The ship sweeps on through the wind-tossed sea,  
Through the ice-packed, shoal-ringed, threatening  
    sea,

Till the gray waves break on a storm-worn beach  
And the silence hears but the sea-mew's screech,  
But the sea-mew's screech and the fur-seal's bark,  
And it founders there in the angry dark.

The pole-star shines with a murky light,  
Like an astral sun, with a frozen light;  
O'er the glacier beds and the ice-flow's spire  
The auroras flash in a fan of fire,  
And they mock the forms of the corpses stark  
On the ship that died in the outer dark.

The frost hangs thick on the stove-in hull,  
On the snow-sheathed, wave-pressed, battered hull,  
And the tide bears hard on the weakened beams  
Till it saps the strength of the hemp-calked seams,  
Till it sweeps away every telltale mark,  
Lest a prey be lost to the unknown dark.

**WHEN CHRIST IS RISEN.**

A mystic joy sweeps o'er the drooping world  
Where yesterday a pall of sorrow swirled  
Its solemn length from vale to brow of hill;  
Each tiny atom sings with quickening thrill  
And Nature cries with one according breath,  
"All hail, 'tis Jesus, King, of Nazereth!"  
But man still questions. Fearful lest his eyes,  
Schooled in deceit, deceive himself, he cries,  
"The proof?" In answer, lo, the bleeding hands.  
What creeping life so pitiful as man's?  
The word was given him for a higher goal  
Else this last shame had forfeited his soul.

THE STAR.

The night shut in with black and threatening  
frown

When o'er my troubled world the sun went down,  
Forebodings marked the time with vague distress  
That bound me prisoner to hopelessness,  
And darkness seemed more fearful to my sight  
From having known the glory of the light.

The hours dragged on; I raised my drooping  
head

But not in hope, I knew the sun was dead,  
And planned no life beyond the black expanse  
When, lo, I saw a wondrous light advance  
That glowed and grew until it filled the skies.  
I stood and gazed with yearning, doubting eyes.

No more does hope's hurt wing trail idly down,  
No more does night shut in with threatening  
frown,

## THE STAR.

---

I grieve no more because the sun is gone,  
Hold no regret for yesterday's lost dawn,  
But bless the salient gloom that reached afar,  
For else how had I ever found the star?

## THE INEVITABLE.

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### THE INEVITABLE.

Christ is born to-day. Sad heart  
Look up, and hope.  
Those who kneel and still their cries  
Do not know that in His eyes  
Shadow of a cross there lies.

Love is born to-day. My heart  
Look up, and hope.  
Sweet content is all about;  
But the life blood will drip out,  
Some day, on a cross of doubt.

TO ETHEL.

The heart's emotion finds no way to speak  
So poor is man in gifts, in words so weak,  
And gratitude within the throbbing breast  
Must ever rest there only half expressed.

Unskilled I stand to cope with what I feel  
So strange this element new joys reveal,  
My heart though not unknown to lighter mood  
Is all unused to this of gratitude.

In other moments I have found the word  
Through which to make some deep emotion heard,  
Now falt'ring tongue lacks power to overcome  
Its own incompetence, and so lies dumb.

Not from ungratefulness, although I claim  
No more of sentiment than others name.  
From lack of rivulets to feed the spring  
Its waters long have ceased to purl and sing.

TO ETHEL.

---

But now it gushes out in force anew ;  
That this is so, I render thanks to you.  
One sweet, good woman down my path has trod  
To make this barren earth seem nearer God.

DESECRATION.

Ferret them out—ferret them out,  
Label the plunder and hawk it about,  
Dip grasping fingers deep into the dark,  
Draw from its cover each skeleton stark,  
Secrets, and papers, and letters, long penned,  
The dead would have given his blood to defend;  
No incident leave to the mercy of doubt,  
Ferret them out—ferret them out.

This is the work for the daughter, the wife,  
Friend that the dead man has trusted in life,  
Each holds some mem'ry of weakness confessed,  
Confidence given when heart was distressed;  
These trundle out for the crowd's curious eyes,  
If sacred the trust, then the greater the prize,  
Rest not in your effort till you have unfurled  
All that the dead has kept close from the world.



## DESECRATION.

---

Here is a page where his soul was laid bare,  
Every word wild with a heart's great despair,  
Penned here are thoughts that were never revealed  
While he had life and his lips were unsealed;  
Locked in the grave, lacking power to protest,  
Quick-seized is the prize and for barter is dressed.  
Ye merciless Vandals with talons of greed  
Drag out his heart that the vultures may feed.

ON THE TAMALPAIS SLOPE.

There's an amber light a-quiver on the eucalyptus  
trees,

There's a splash of fiery crimson tints the wood,  
And the tiny brook speaks softly to the perfume-  
laden breeze

That replies as though it plainly understood.

From beneath the leaf strewn brush-pile there is  
seen a wary nose

Peeping out in nervous caution and affright  
Ere its owner ventures yonder to a spot where  
breakfast grows

With the dew left fresh upon it by the night.

As a touch of quiet sadness marks the song the  
martin sings

Near the old nest, long deserted in the glen,  
So do hearts imbued with sorrow ever turn where  
mem'ry clings

And in fancy live their happiness again.

ON THE TAMALPAIS SLOPE.

---

There's a power that turns us ever to'ard the helpful  
light of hope

Though the chiefest of our projects totter down,  
And my guiding star is yonder on the Tamalpais  
slope

When I sink beneath the tumult of the town.

## HIS ANSWER.

---

## HIS ANSWER.

Do I love you? I do, if distrust can be love ;  
If the fear that I feel when I press your warm hand  
That you'd grant the same favor to some other man  
Were the time but auspicious, and I out of sight ;  
If the certainty, here, in my heart, that your glance  
Will caress me then turn to some other, perchance  
Who has merited less what I deem as my right ;  
If the madness that throbs when I feel your embrace,  
And despair that o'erpowers when I look in your  
face,  
Irresponsible, weak, vacillating, untrue—  
If a certain contempt that steals into my breast  
When the overwrought senses are stilled and at  
rest  
Can be love, then, I answer you, yes, that I do.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

The sun sinks low and the hour grows late,  
The clouds drift in through the Golden Gate;  
The sea-gulls dip with a whirl and cry,  
They scan the earth and they scan the sky,  
They dart and whirl with a restless wing,  
Nor trust the song that the breakers sing;  
They know the purr of the mighty sea  
Presages acts of its treachery;  
Beneath the droning so soft and low  
They feel the breath of the tempest blow.

A mother prayed till the hour grew late,  
"Bring my boy safe home through the Golden  
Gate."

A troubled ship on the wave is seen,  
Her sails are bright with a silvery sheen,  
She plows her way through the salty deep,  
While mighty waves o'er her bulwarks leap;

## THE GOLDEN GATE.

---

The tempest's finger points out her course,  
She swerves and follows with fateful force;  
She trembles, hesitates, rushes, dips,  
Her white-faced crew with their salt-washed lips  
Nor fear nor care for the wind-swept sea,  
They sleep the sleep of eternity.

A mother prayed till the hour grew late—  
And her boy went Home, through the Golden  
Gate.

IN MISSION DOLORES CHURCHYARD.

What do they dream of down in their beds

Lowly and still,

With the echoless sound of the languorous rill  
Tinkling in cadences liquid and soft  
Through the night at their feet and the night at  
their heads?

Deep in the dusk of this silent spot

What is remembered and what forgot?

What do they hold of hope and regret,

Laughter and pain—

Is there naught to disturb but the drip of the rain  
Stealing to cheeks that lie pallid and chill?  
What of memory clings where the soul would for-  
get?

Silent the lips where a song was heard,

Silence where once spoke a deathless word.

This one who lies here, think you he knows  
Day is above?

From the cypress near by come the notes of a  
dove

Telling his passion full-plaintive and sweet;  
Kind were the song if the poor clay glows  
Thrilling again to a love once known  
Ere the dark moss o'er the heart had grown.

Linger awhile and fellowship keep

Him who is lone;

Here no trace of a flower or the mark of a stone  
Ventures dispute with the tangle of briars  
That speak hoarse in the wind of the one that lies  
deep,

Wrapt in the dusk of this tranquil spot  
Haply forgetting, and long forgot.



THE MAN AND WOMAN OF IT.

"My vase is broken," she trembling said;  
The tears fell fast and she drooped her head  
"With tender touch I will mend it true,  
And make believe it's as good as new."

"My vase is broken," he calmly said;  
"But I'll buy another one instead;  
One just as pretty and just as good,  
And put it there where the old one stood."

WILL YOU RECALL ME.

How will it be  
After the infinite pain of the parting,  
The tears and the sorrow?  
After we've crushed each regret at its starting,  
After the night of the old day's departing  
When dawns the tomorrow,  
How will the world look to you and to me?  
How will it be?

Will we forget  
Things we have loved and from which we must  
    sever,  
Small objects of treasure,  
Dingy, dear books we have conned well together;  
Trifles of love we have kept through all weather  
That happiness measure;  
Things over which love and labor have met,  
Will we forget?

WILL YOU RECALL ME?

---

When all is done,  
When our hearts, quickened by stress of their  
    aching,  
Prompt lips to dissemble,  
Teaching them smiles, while beneath hearts are  
    breaking,  
Making them prate of the new dawn's awaking—  
Then, dear, should I tremble,  
Will you recall me, when hope I have none,  
When all is done?

**APOTHEGMS FOR THE IDLE.**

What were the summer, stripped of all its bloom?  
What were the world, denying idlers room?  
The serious faces of the spinners left  
Affrighting one another in the gloom.

Who finds his work in life where pleasure lies,  
Who feasts, though he at last of famine dies,  
Can say that he has lived though he may hold  
No fleeting bauble that the frugal prize.

Utility and beauty seldom mate,  
And he who turns the idle from his gate  
Perchance but cuts the lily from its stem  
To leave his garden bare and desolate.

When indolence would plead its own defense  
Turn not away in pride of eminence;

The drone and worker find the common goal  
And lie in lengths of equal consequence.

Withhold the condemnation that would fling  
The cloak of silence o'er the hearts that sing,  
The word of cheer, though voiced by careless lips,  
Is ever to be held a priceless thing.

THE MISER'S SONG.

My heart is old, is old, is old,  
Its warmth went out with a dream untold,  
The blood drips slow through each mangled fold—  
I heal the hurt with the balm of gold,  
Of gold, of gold.

My heart is old, is old, is old,  
Is hard and withered, and dead and cold;  
Where once the blood of my pulses rolled  
Now surges greed for the yellow gold,  
For gold, for gold.

My heart is old, is old, is old,  
And dark and heavy as churchyard mold;  
For I, like Judas, have smiled, and sold  
My friend, and God, for a piece of gold,  
Of gold, of gold.

LIFE.

I saw a rose in a garden fair,  
A scarlet rose, that I longed to wear ;  
I begged that Fate would generous be  
And give the beautiful rose to me.  
She shook her head in assumed regret  
And answered, softly, "Not yet, not yet."  
The rose's petals beneath the sun  
Unfolded, tenderly, one by one,  
Its rarest leaves were at last unfurled  
And shed their glory upon the world ;  
I asked again, but again I met  
The same denial, "Not yet, not yet."  
One day, the color began to fade,  
The scarlet turned to a deeper shade,  
The petals fluttered upon the air—  
Its life was over, the stem lay bare.  
All through my life I have known the pain,  
The harsh derision of this refrain,  
This mournful dirge of a life's regret,  
This mocking echo, "Not yet, not yet."

FINIS.

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FINIS.

Around was the evening's twilight glow,  
He softly whispered, "I love you so,"  
Lip pressed to lip in warm caress,  
Two hearts aglow with happiness.

Over the hill in a churchyard gray  
The grass grows rank in a wanton way,  
The water oozes, trickles and glides,  
'Round the husband's bed the earth-worm  
hides,  
The dank mold quivers on lip and chin,  
The worms creep out and the worms creep in.

The bells ring out on the sunlit air,  
The bride is young and the bride is fair,  
The world is throbbing with love and life  
The bridegroom hastens to kiss his wife—  
An ashen pallor o'erspreads her face,  
The dead man stands in her lover's place.



The vision is gone—she breathes again,  
The minister says, "Till death, Amen."  
The dead goes back to the dead once more  
As far, as close, as he was before,  
And holds his vigil all grim and drear  
Till her conscience cries, "Appear, appear."

In a cozy room all warm and bright,  
A cheerful sight on a winter's night,  
A whispering low, "Alone, at last,"  
Is caught and whirled on the icy blast—  
"Alone, alone," it whistles and moans  
And scurries away to the graveyard stones;  
It snaps the twigs with its chilling breath  
And dances the frantic dance of death;  
"Alone, alone," it hisses and shrieks—  
The green slime freezes on lips and cheeks,  
Through the clustering curls, the mouth's wide  
    grin,  
The worms creep out and the worms creep in.

**LOVE'S ABERRATION.**

She stands beside you but in spirit kneels  
And worships at your feet such love she feels;  
Her melting heart grows faint beneath its bliss  
And glorifies its weakness through a kiss.  
She smiles, and you from your exalted place,  
Bend down to share the heaven in her face.

What subtle change is this you now behold?  
What listless form your coaxing arms enfold?  
You chide that she is heedless of your sigh  
And meets your glance with cold and vacant eye.  
What have you done? O, nothing much amiss,  
You've called her Kate, that's all, while she's  
Liliss.

**GROPING.**

The page of yesterday—how strange the way  
In which its lines were filled,  
How changed the import of the deeds we willed  
Seen through the consequences of to-day.

The stone that rests upon the mountain-slope  
Is harmless in its bed;  
A word is but a word until 'tis said,  
Then 'tis the avalanche that buries hope.

We turn the thumb-marked leaf; our cares and  
strife  
That have so sore distressed  
We try to bury in a contrite breast  
And seek to write a cleaner page for life.

But, somehow, when 'tis done and conscience wakes  
To run the items o'er,  
We find the same temptations as before,  
The same backslidings and the old mistakes.

**THE GALLEY-SLAVE.**

To work ; to weep ; to struggle ; to endure ;  
To look through tears upon a life's mistake ;  
To feel forbidden pleasures tempt and lure ;  
To loathe the ties 'twere indiscreet to break ;  
To gaze upon the coffined corpse of love  
With dry, hard eyes ; to drain the cup of gall ;  
No help below, no hope from heaven above,  
Just vacancy and numbness over all ;  
To have, to hold, to tire, and then, to hate ;  
To burn the heart out longing to be free ;  
This makes up life for that sad child of Fate  
Who mourns beside a cold, dead ecstasy.

**BARRIERS.**

Shadow thou' art ; a dream of my heart  
Forever beyond me.  
I may not press you  
Close to my breast ; may not love and caress you.  
The passionate glow  
Lighting your eyes 'gainst your reason and will  
Sent through my being an answering thrill,  
Transient and swift  
As light through a rift ;  
Not until then could we measure the cost—  
Eden forbidden, elysium lost.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

How privileged are you, Old Year,  
Behold, when life is through,  
You change the reading of your name  
And issue forth anew.

The follies left within the past,  
Mistakes that you deplore,  
Are dead within their hidden graves,  
And visited no more.

You snatch the rose from pleasure's bush  
Forgetting where it grew ;  
You keep no cup when it is drained—  
Ah, how I envy you.

New life comes swift on pealing chimes  
With smiles of kindly fate,  
Lo, through the holly's mystic fire  
You are regenerate.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

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I would that I might leave, like you,  
This body, weak with age,  
And as a child begin again  
Upon an unsoiled page.

**A CHILD OF NATURE.**

On the mountain's crest,  
Where the eagles nest,  
    I recline at ease,  
And my lips are kissed  
By the passing mist  
    And the wanton breeze.

Unrestrained I laugh  
As a draught I quaff  
    From a rippling stream,  
And I feel the thrill  
Of unbridled will  
    Like a sweet, wild dream.

In the town off there  
In the sultry air  
    Are the fools at work,  
And I drink their health  
In the torrent's wealth  
    With a quip and quirk.



LIFE'S MIRAGE.

Within my bruised heart the night of life  
Let down the sombre curtain of the past  
    Dull-leaded with despair;  
Within the gray and ambient gloom  
    Sat sullen sorrow;  
The blackest hour had come when, lo, a light  
Illumined all the barren, arid waste  
    And Hope stood trembling there.  
I dared not trust; I dared not lift my head;  
In awe, I whispered, "What art thou?"  
  .....She said,  
"I am the everlasting dawn  
    Of life's to-morrow."

In the shady places,  
That the hand of man has not yet polluted  
Where the right of way still lies undisputed  
With the speaking wild,  
I have listened long to the distant reapers  
As their cries come faint through the flow'ring  
                  creepers ;  
In the shady places.

In the shady places  
I at times have knelt in my soul's disquiet  
With my blood aflame in tumultuous riot  
O'er a stinging wrong ;  
And the silence, keen to the grief I smother,  
Calms my deep distress like a tender mother ;  
In the shady places.

In the shady places  
Where the fragrance, faint, from the moist earth  
rises

And the winding path hides its glad surprises  
Like a sportive child,  
There I turn my steps when the world oppresses  
And I find the balm for my heart-distresses ;  
In the shady places.

**"THE POETIC CHOIR."**

They, jointly in the critic's comment share,  
Co-working lest oblivion swallow all,  
And stand together 'neath the wondering sun  
Like severed fractions that are brought to bear  
In entities uniting to make one.

"Thus," each has dreamed; and, "thus," the dream  
    was done,  
And, "thus," each praise to Eros has outpoured;  
The theme is clear, although the text be dense,  
And needs no foot-notes where the burdens run,  
Unless annexed to palliate offense.

Poor Muse! When will a song transcendent rise  
To drown the carping travesties long borne,  
That shall with beauty hold the listener dumb  
And waft the winged word that never dies?  
When will a Moses to thy bondage come?

**LEST WE GROW TOO CONTENT.**

Lest we grow too content,  
Lest the joys of the world make the pain of re-  
gretting  
To leave it too keen, we have sorrows that, fretting  
Our souls with their cankerous gnawing, are given  
Lest we grow too content.

As the pendulum swings  
So our lives, ever pendent 'twixt laughter and  
sorrow,  
Today swing in light and in darkness tomorrow;  
The tears or the joys may be cut with the stroke  
As the pendulum swings.

## UNCERTAINTY.

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### UNCERTAINTY.

Where will you be ; in the midst of the throng  
Close to the path that I travel along,  
Or aside in the quiet  
Shunning the echo of laughter and song?

How shall I know you ; by softly breathed word,  
Thrilling the depths of the heart that has heard,  
Or by some subtle power  
Potent as hope held in longings deferred?

When we have met shall we bury these years,  
Dead 'neath the flood of our penitent tears,  
And by tacit consenting  
Stifle the pain of our doubts and our fears?

Where I now wander perhaps you abide ;  
Or, you perhaps may have passed at my side  
And have called in your passing ;  
You may have called, and I may have denied.

**FALLACIES.**

We do the thing most foreign to our will,  
We rise in grief, and lay us down in pain,  
We crave the joy from which we must abstain  
And crush desires that would our being thrill;  
With fate we combat in unequal strife  
And call it life.

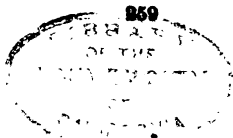
We build a heaven where peace invites the soul;  
And earthly dreams long merged in shad'wy wraith,  
Gain substance in proportion to our faith  
As, sanguine, we approach the final goal  
To greet each ardent hope with bated breath,  
And call it death.

REGENERATION.

I know not when it died, this love of mine,  
Its life slipped out so quietly at last  
When all its fevered suffering was past  
And fate, full gently, cut the fretted thread.  
My grief was hushed as though by touch divine,  
And I could scarce believe that love was dead.

Such pain it has endured and yet lived on!  
It seemed that censure from unbridled will,  
Full with contempt, had lost the power to kill  
So long the pulse-throb beat with steady stroke.  
New crosses crushed the heart that tried anon  
To lift the weight and, in the effort, broke.

Now love is dead what shall we do, my heart;  
Kneel down within the shadow of our grief  
And beg of heaven encompassing relief?  
Thus be it then—our joy was dearly bought.  
From this dead life we'll let a new life start,  
Grown wiser by the lesson we are taught.





HERE, AND THERE.

To be over yonder where fresh from the grasses  
The fragrance blows softly o'er dew-laden hills,  
To catch the quick word of the wind as it passes  
And hear the low answer from murmuring rills,  
To feel the salt kiss of the neighboring ocean,  
To thrill to each pleasure that Nature can give,  
Ah, this is the acme of human emotion,  
Ah, this is to live.

To know that the herald of day is o'erflushing  
The meadows that wake to the glow in the east,  
That every soft cloud in the heaven is blushing  
Like cheeks of a maid from a lover releast,  
To cage up the heart in a smoke-begirt city  
And strive, ever vainly, to stifle its cry,  
Ah, this is misfortune deserving of pity,  
Ah, this is to die.

**WHERE ALL IS VANITY.**

How smiles the world where yesterday it frowned  
And spurned with disapproval ways and means  
By which we sought to have our efforts crowned.

How smiles the world when we have found success,  
How servilely it seeks the master-hand  
When it has lost the grime of weariness.

When heights are gained, when over tortuous ways  
Yet trails the smoke of hourly sacrifice,  
How trite seem plaudits and how empty praise.

What voice that now approves but had assailed  
And cried its condemnation to the skies  
If chance had so decreed and we had failed?

Where lies the joy to know, should fortune frown,  
That these who are the loudest in our praise  
Will be the first to rend and pull us down?

**WHERE ALL IS VANITY.**

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**Thrice blessed he, who, in some lonely spot  
Apart from ways and mockeries of men,  
Forgets the world and is, by it, forgot.**

**A SPECTATOR.**

Recalling all the sad, unfruitful years,  
The hopes long faded and the joys long dead,  
And pausing where the ghost of mem'ry leers  
I drink again the gall of useless tears.

An empty life, as rayless as that doom  
Which dogs the unbeliever to the grave,  
Or like those flowers that droop within the gloom  
To powdered dust on some neglected tomb!

One said to me: "My life has been as thine,  
"All aims were thwarted, motives misconstrued,  
"The cup held poison where I thought was wine;  
"I gathered stones where gems had seemed to shine

"And had despaired, but voices seemed to say  
"The way of thy salvation lies in this,  
"Take up thy cross, and so, from day to day,  
"Become more worthy of the higher way.'"

**A SPECTATOR.**

---

Thus each man has his concepts to defend,  
Each, groping, wraps about him some belief;  
On life we each a serious int'rest bend  
All fearful yet all hopeful for the end.

THE ELUSIVE.

I am that hope held sacred at the start  
Of love's desire ;  
I am that dream that fades, when dies  
Its smoldering fire.

I am that sweet, evasive music heard  
Above the theme ;  
I am the soul, intangible,  
Of things that seem.

I am that subtle longing most of all  
Misunderstood ;  
That joy men seek to hold within  
A jess and hood.

Some bubble ever floats beyond the hand,  
For which man sighs ;  
Some ignis fatuus ever lures,  
For which he dies.

## THE ELUSIVE.

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Illusion all. No heart, that knows the full  
Of love most prized,  
But still, close-hidden, holds some dream  
Unrealized.

**WITH LOVE AT YOUR SIDE.**

With love at your side,  
You steer your small craft 'gainst a pitiless tide,  
You brave every channel destructive and deep,  
And laugh as the breakers in impotence leap  
And baffled, fall back. You can safely deride  
All impudent evil with love at your side.

With love at your side,  
The darkest and narrowest pathway seems wide;  
The sober old earth and the gray sky above  
Is warmed, and kept bright, by the sunshine of love.  
No effort seems fruitless, no joy seems denied  
Who travels the world and has love at his side.



WOMAN'S DESTINY.

Man's heart's a vase and woman is the flower  
That sheds a fragrance through the passing hour;  
She sees love turn to duty, illy done,  
Herself no longer wooed now she is won  
And destiny, in sullen mood, at last  
Conspire to write her name within the past.

When youth and maid set out upon their way,  
Their faces turned toward the dawning day  
Of new born love, she striving to forget  
That o'er another's heart their lips have met—  
Some woman who, perchance, has heard his vow  
With soul as full of trust as hers is now—  
She stills the errant thought within her breast  
And seeks to stifle doubts but half confessed.

When dawn no longer holds the tint of rose  
And morning into noon of passion grows,

She muses on the times when he has kept  
Love's light alive in hearts now dead, unwept,  
And fearful lest she reach this common goal  
Close scans his face in bitterness of soul,  
Till in his glance morose, disconsolate,  
She reads the first prognostic of her fate.

Poor, helpless woman, born to be undone,  
Butt of all evil, recognizing none;  
Men censure her for weakness out of hand  
Condemning in her that they most demand,  
Perforce she must pretend the thing she's not  
Until her soul rebels against her lot;  
She calls, but lo, the gulf of sex is wide,  
And she, a helpless bark upon its tide.

Like restless beetles, on a summer's night,  
Turned from their pastimes by a fatal light,  
Are women, battering their better sense  
Against established laws of precedents;  
Though they succeed and gain the thing they will  
What profit it? they're slaves to Nature still;  
Their lot will be as it has ever been,  
To trust, to be deceived, to trust again.

**YOU WHO LOVE ME.**

You who love me, let me know it,  
Let your smiles and hand-clasps show it,  
Be not meager in your giving,  
Kindness makes our lives worth living,  
Youth is sweet and old age mellow  
Cheered by words of some good fellow.

Wait not till the grave has bound me  
Ere you place your gifts around me,  
Little will I reck of weeping  
When chill death is vigil keeping;  
So, while skies are bright above me,  
Here's to those who show they love me.

**EARTH-LOVE.**

'Tis not the saddest thing  
That we must one day lay the volume down,  
Its page unfinished and its aim unguessed;  
The saddest thing is not Fate's sudden frown,  
And not the loss of something that has blessed;  
'Tis not the leaving of some love long known,  
Nor yet the dreams that have familiar grown  
And not within the grave is held the sting,  
But in the thought that this fair earth will lie  
Tomorrow and tomorrow 'neath the sky,  
As fair as now, indifferent to our loss.  
Sore need have we of faith to bear such cross.  
That ways well loved shall smile for us no more  
And yet remain in beauty as before—  
This were the saddest thing.

A DAY DREAM.

Over yonder near the shore-line there's a  
    sea-gull slowly flying,  
Drifting gently on the bosom of the land  
    breeze from the hills,  
And he steeps within its fragrance all his  
    senses, none denying,  
Till his brain is strangely heavy and his  
    bosom sweetly thrills.

Over yonder near the shore-line I, in fancy,  
    see the luster  
Of the ardent sunshine streaming on the  
    hills serene, and brown,  
And my vagrant heart is resting where the  
    redwoods thickly cluster,  
While my body lingers, helpless, in the  
    smoke-encircled town.

A DAY DREAM.

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I've a fervid, wanton longing for a spot I  
    know out yonder,  
'Tis a little sun-kissed picture that I paint  
    when world-oppressed,  
And I dream that I through fragrance of a  
    phantom garden wander  
Where, in fancy, I've a cabin and, in fancy,  
    am at rest.

QUATRAINS.

Live not within the past; compute the cost  
Then burn, without regret, the bridges crossed.  
Sweet yesterday! A diamond past all price  
That slipped from out its setting and is lost.

What one had plucked the rose if he had seen  
The thorns concealed beneath its tender green?  
What tears were saved if forecast could be made—  
Tears would be saved, but lost the joys between.

Hold no regret; what has been done, is done,  
Nor all the waters that to oceans run  
Shall blot the folly from a single act  
O'erfraught with consequences we would shun.

Quench not the flame because you feel the fire;  
Fear not to voice in prayer to-day's desire  
Because the answered prayer of yesterday  
Exposed the dross to which you would aspire.

Be not too proud in virtue yet untried,  
Chance may discover flaws that good deeds hide,  
And many a prude a wanton's heart has housed  
Yet lived in virtue and in virtue died.

Before great Midas men as slaves kneel down  
To cry him perfect ; but, let fortune frown  
Lo, all turn scoffers where they lately praised  
And see but ass's ears upon a clown.

How prized is gift of wit with which to lead  
And foresight to discern the prurient need ;  
But prestige oft sits throned on emptiness.  
The way of conquest is where vultures feed.

Lift one above the welter of the sty,  
Drag one to dross of earth from out the sky,  
Each still himself remains through change of time  
Proclaimed by earmarks ye shall know him by.

Who thinks that wealth lies in the vein of gold,  
And power within the royal ermine's fold,  
A child is who has heard the mother's voice  
But missed the meaning of the story told.



## QUATRAINS.

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Think not to shirk the problems writ of fate,  
Apportioned labors lengthen by debate,  
Heaven tolerates no sluggard who has held  
The lesson of his life too intricate.

**WITH YOU TO SHOW THE WAY.**

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**WITH YOU TO SHOW THE WAY.**

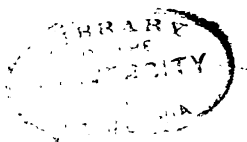
With you to show the way,  
To break the path and make it clear of thorns,  
To help bewildered reason to the light,  
To set, and guide, poor blundering feet aright,  
With you as pilot, over any sea  
Not known before, the course would easy be;  
The world seems filled with naught but what adorns,  
With you to show the way.

With you to show the way  
How helpless and dependent have I grown;  
I fear to venture lest I stray afar  
And, wandering back to paths where sorrows are,  
Again be lost within their Stygian gloom.  
What weave the Fates upon their shadowy loom?  
Must I, in some dread hour, walk on alone,  
With none to show the way?

WITH YOU TO SHOW THE WAY.

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How, then, will seem the way?  
The flowers will all be dead, the birds all dumb;  
The well-loved paths, close-hidden from the throng,  
Will all repeat my dead heart's funeral song.  
I could not bear to look on things once shared—  
One may not go and leave the other spared,  
So, tarry but a little till I come  
And show me, still, the way.

















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